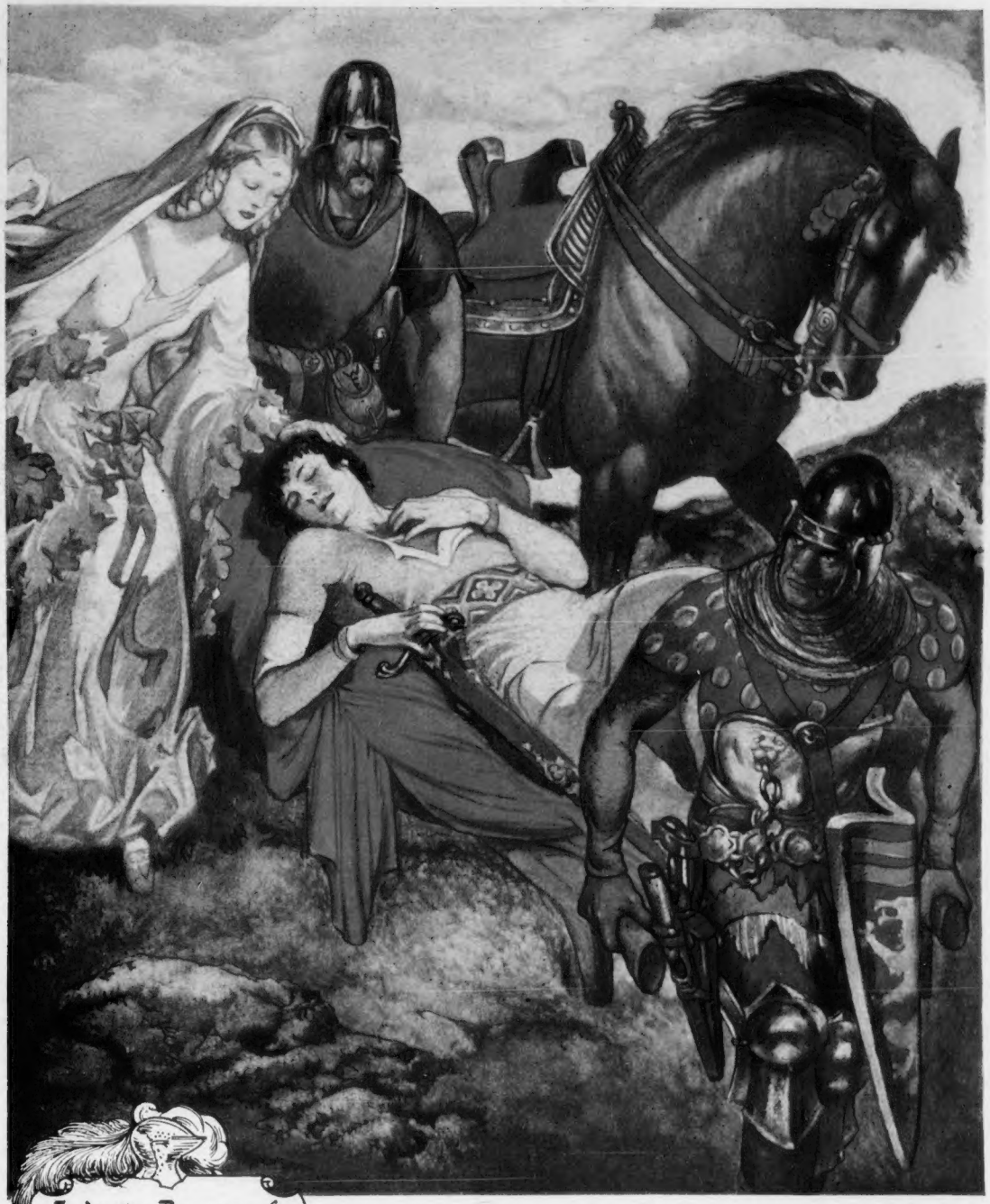
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser

Copyright, 1947, by American Weekly, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

Week of Nov. 16, 1947



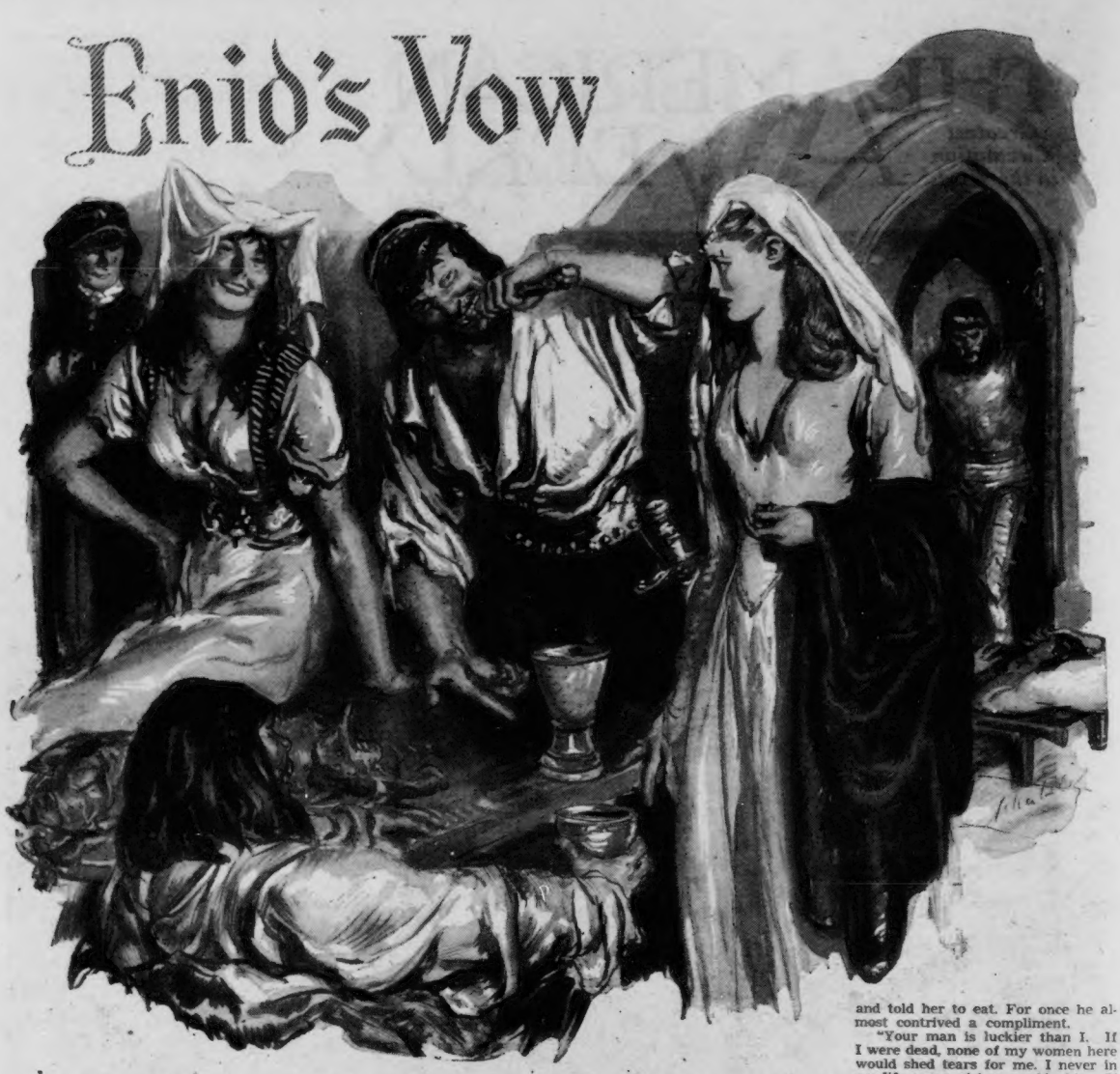
Enchanting Romance of King Arthur's Court
Told by John Erskine

On Next Page

Geraint and Enid

Painting by Willy Pogany

Enid's Vow



"Drink Then," He Commanded, Making a Last Effort to Be Reasonable

By John Erskine

TOWARD morning Enid woke Geraint and told him that Limours would be waiting at the inn door to fall upon him, so Geraint, though angry that Enid still warned him of dangers, armed himself, roused the innkeeper, settled his bill by giving him the remaining five horses and five suits of mail, called for his own charger and for Enid's palfrey, and rode away in the gray dawn.

When Limours, arriving at the inn, knew they were gone, he began an angry pursuit, he and his spearmen. At the thundering sound Geraint turned back and struck Limours from his black horse.

Seeing the Earl fall, the spearmen hesitated, having no zest for a fight without their leader. Only one of them made a stand, but when he too fell to the ground before Geraint's onset, the others vanished down the road toward where they came from, and the two chargers with empty saddles galloped after them.

Geraint, still bitter, asked Enid if her palfrey could bear the weight of her dead lover's armor.

He knew that "admirer" would have been the true word, but she was still smarting from the thought that she had even pretended to plot with Limours against him.

He salvaged Limours' armor only because he must pay for the next lodging and the next food, and he had no more horses to barter with.

But in the fight with Limours he had been wounded by a spear, and though in his excitement he did not notice it, the wound was bleeding.

When he resumed his quest he turned faint, his sight failed, he swayed in the saddle, and fell to the ground—luckily upon a grassy bank.

Enid unfastened his armor, discovered the spear-cut, and bandaged it with a strip of her veil.

Travelers in that rough country did not look twice at a woman weeping beside a prostrate man; violent death was too common. They passed along, whistling, or at a hard gallop. Enid's palfrey, frightened at the noise, ran away, but Geraint's charger stood faithful, grieving for his master.

At noon the Earl Doorm rode by with a company of his men—he and his gluttonous face fringed with red beard. Reining, he called noisily, "Is he dead?" and Enid, though she didn't like his appearance, replied, "No, not dead. Will some of your kind people take him out of this hot sun?"

"If he is not dead," asked Doorm, "why all these tears? If he is, you're a fool to spoil a pretty face over what's beyond help. Here, some of you, carry him to our hall. If he lives, we'll have him in our company. If he dies, there's earth enough to cover him. Don't forget the horse; it's a fine one."

He rode on, and two of his men, angry to be missing the morning foray, lifted Geraint on a stretcher, laid it in the hollow of his shield, and carried him to an oaken settle in the hall—his charger following without being led.

Enid sat beside him, weeping silently, and when Geraint wakened from his faint and realized that her weeping was for him, he continued to lie there with his eyes closed, happy to know at last that she loved him.

At the end of the afternoon Earl Doorm's men stormed into the hall, and with them a cluster of vulgar women, noisy, in gaudy costumes.

Earl Doorm struck the table with the handle of his hunting knife, and ordered meat and wine. They brought whole pigs and quarters of beef, till the hall was dim with the steam of the cooking, and no one spoke, but they all drew up to the table and champed noisily, like horses.

Enid shrank close to the settle where Geraint lay, but when Doorm had had enough, he remembered her and told her to eat. For once he almost contrived a compliment.

"Your man is luckier than I. If I were dead, none of my women here would shed tears for me. I never in my life saw a girl so good-looking. If only you had some color in your face! A good meal will bring it back, and I'll share my Earldom with you. We'll live like two birds in one nest."

Enid looked at him. He was speaking with his mouth full, and one cheek bulged with the meat he hadn't yet swallowed. But she answered in a soft voice, imploring him, while Geraint was so low, to leave her in peace.

Doorm was not accustomed to gentle language, and he thought she accepted his proposal. "Very well, Girl, eat as much as you like and take your time. From now on you're my wife."

As tactfully as might be, she corrected his error. "How can I enjoy anything in this world until my lord rises from his wound and opens his eyes?"

Doorm lost his temper, picked her up in his arms and carried her to the table. "Eat, I tell you!"

"No," she said. "I will not eat till that man rises and eats with me."

"Drink then," he answered, making a last effort to be reasonable. "I myself, when hot from a fight, before I have drunk often have no appetite."

"No!" she cried. "Not till my man rises and drinks with me. If he rises no more, I will not look at wine again."

The next installment, The Vengeance of Enid, will appear on Nov. 30. Watch for it.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

"ANY OLD SOAP" WON'T DO NOW I CAN GET DUZ AGAIN!

DUZ does Everything

IN THE FAMILY WASH!

YOU CAN'T BUY A SOAP THAT GETS WHITE THINGS WHITER THAN DUZ! EVEN DINGIEST TOWELS COME OUT GLEAMING WHITE!
YOU CAN'T BUY A SOAP THAT'S TOUGHER ON DIRT THAN DUZ! DUZ GETS EVEN THE GRIMIEST OVERALLS CLEAN!
YET DUZ IS SAFER FOR COLORED THINGS —EVEN PRETTY RAYON UNDIES—THAN ANY OTHER "BIG-NAME" WASHDAY PACKAGE SOAP!

MORE REAL SOAP SUDS FOR YOUR MONEY!

Yes, ounce for ounce, Duz gives more real soap suds—faster, longer-lasting suds for your washing machine—than any other leading granulated soap! And what clean, sweet-smelling, soapy suds they are! Richer, hard-working suds so you can do more loads of wash with the same amount of Duz—even in hard water! *Fast* for dishes, too—yet *kind* to hands!

No other leading washday soap is so TOUGH *on dirt yet so* SAFE *for colors*

There is no substitute for Duz! Some soaps do this, some soaps do that—but Duz does *everything* in your wash-basket!

Dirty work shirts and grimy overalls? Just see how *clean* Duz does 'em! Why, no soap in the world beats Duz at getting out ground-in dirt! Dingy sheets and tablecloths? Streaky towels? Just see how *white* Duz does 'em! No soap that money can buy gets white things whiter than Duz!

Yet, with *all* this terrific cleaning power, Duz is actually *safer* for colored things—wash dresses, play clothes, even pretty rayon slips—than *any* other leading granulated washday soap!

So now that you can be "choosey" about soaps again—choose Duz! *There's no other soap quite like it!* Once *you* see that amazing combination of cleaning power and safety for colors, you'll want soapy-rich Duz suds for *everything* in your wash, *every* wash!

THAT'S WHY DUZ DOES MORE!

The Sad Triumph of Ethel Smith

The Guests Were Spellbound by Her Organ-Playing, but Her Husband, Ralph Bellamy, Felt It Merely Relegated Him to Second Place.

By William Engle

FOR a little while one night last fall Ethel Smith Bellamy, the firecracker swing organist, put a bright enchantment upon her drawing room in New York.

Playing the organ there, for the guests of her husband, Ralph Bellamy, star of the Broadway theatrical hit, "The State of the Union," she made strange South American rhythms boom and flicker through the room, and the guests—their chatter abruptly ceasing—sat spellbound.

She did not mean to do this. She only played because they asked her to. When she finished she was a little abashed by the applause. It was a triumph she had not sought, and did not care about, and now it turns out that perhaps she should not have played at all.

Playing that way, she made her husband angry, she believes. Attention wavered from him to her, and when the party was over the ensuing domestic scene was so distressing that today it becomes one of the notable points in her complaint against him in an action for separation.

After the guests departed that night, she says in the action, he turned on her in fury.

"He pushed me and told me that my presence was offensive to him," she says in the stilted, formal accusation. "I had stolen the show, he said, by display of my ability in playing the organ."

Lanky, beak-nosed Bellamy, who has been in 86 movies and had 400 stage roles, could not bear to stand aside even on this one night, it appears from the complaint, and Ethel Smith Bellamy—a spectacular performer herself—had to hear him speak words like knife-blades.

No one threw anything. They are not that kind of people. A word can cut Ethel Smith, or her husband, their friends say, as easily as a knife.

When she married him in August, 1945, in New York's Westchester County, she gave up most of her professional work, which was then making her internationally known as a peculiar genius of the organ.

Self-effacing, she stopped being Ethel Smith (hailed from Rio de Janeiro to Broadway) and became housekeeping Mrs. Bellamy, of W. 57th Street, New York.

Bellamy, back from Hollywood, was holding a high point of his career in New York.

Every night, tall and dynamic and serious, he ran for president in the prize play on Broadway, and Ethel Smith loving him greatly (she says in her action) tried to make their marriage work.

He had been married twice before, and had been divorced. She had waited until her 30s before marrying. They had met in Hollywood and had been married in 1945.

Then, according to her complaint, this happened:

"Since our marriage and down to his abandonment in September, 1946, my husband has been under the influence of intoxicating liquors almost every night."

When he came home, she says, he would lock himself in his room, and oblige her to deliver telephone messages through the door.

Last summer, she says, when the prize play was packing audiences in, he suddenly decided to pack his belongings and leave home.

"I asked him why he was packing and where he was going. He refused to answer. I begged him not to leave. I pleaded with him that no matter what problems we had there was nothing we could not adjust between us if we were sincere about trying to solve them. I was desperately in love with him."

"He did not answer me but continued to pack."

When he did speak, he finally said, his wife declares: "This one isn't going to cost me anything." (He was divorced by Alice Bellamy, an actress, in 1931, and by Catherine Willard Bellamy, an actress, in 1945.)

After that he went away, but it remains to be seen whether or not this separation will cost him anything. Ethel Smith formally demands one-third of his income, which before taxes, she says, has been running around $2,400 a week.

To all of this—the charges and the protestations of action—Bellamy, in his answer to her complaint, now succinctly says: "Nonsense!"

"My wife is a highly temperamental woman and has an ungovernable rage," he declares. "She falsely accused me of dishonesty, drunkenness and infidelity. She criticized me personally and professionally both in private and in public—

"Our home echoed with my wife's tirades, rages and vilifications."

She was always wanting him to hurry home from the theatre, he says. He had a curfew.

"The curtain of the last act is at 11:30 p. m. My wife insisted that I be home at 11:45 p. m., and threatened to lock me out if I was not home at that time."

By July, 1946, their home life was so harrowing, Bellamy says, that a time came when Ethel Smith did not speak to him for a week, and broke her silence only to say she did not love him any more and wanted a divorce. He had to take a sedative before he ran for president that night.

In her complaint Miss Smith lists Bellamy's assets at $73,499.75 and adds that the mental agony he has caused her has interfered with her own earning power.

Bellamy says that with all expenses accounted for, he will be in the red at the end of the year, and adds that his wife's assets exceed his own.

Meanwhile, she lives on in the West Side house, with the organ, in New York, and he lives in an East Side hotel, and she can stay away from him by merely never going to see the prize play. But he can not stay, in a sense, away from her.

He can never be sure that somewhere, on a phonograph or in a radio recording, he will not hear her playing her famous "Tico Tico," as she played it in their drawing room on the night when, she implies, his words reached her like knives.

Kerens' FADED RAINBOW

SITTING peacefully in the bright California sunshine Vincent Kerens realized that at last the shackles had fallen from him.

No longer was there any threat of financial disaster if his behavior wasn't completely circumspect and he was free to drink as much and as often as he pleased.

But freedom had come very late.

Vincent Kerens had already passed his 70th birthday when a Missouri court recently ruled that the pot of gold at the end of his particular rainbow—$2,140 000 to be exact—was to be divided between his two vigilant sisters, Mrs. Gladys Colket, of Ridgewood, N. J., and Mrs. Madeline Kenna, Washington, D. C.

That fortune was left to him in 1916 by his father, Richard C. Kerens, one time Ambassador to Austria-Hungary, with the stipulation that Vincent live five consecutive years of sobriety and good behavior in order to collect. It was that restriction that provided the somewhat elastic fetters which periodically held the St. Louis-born playboy to a vexatiously straight and narrow path.

He never was able, however, in all those years to win the battle against Demon Rum and his sisters.

When news of the court ruling reached him, the musing old man must have toted up the score of his experience and weighed the result against the fortune he had lost.

"Where would Vincent Kerens be now if he had collected the original $1,500,000 when his father died."

Perhaps he recalled the incident that had brought down upon his head the penance exacted by his father's will, while his two sisters inherited $1,900,000 each without strings.

It was his father's birthday. Relatives had gathered from far and near and Vincent, who already had acquired the reputation of being unable to handle his liquor, walked in on the celebration, deep in his cups.

The next day, bowed down by remorse, Vincent made a rash promise.

"Dad," he said, "I realize you are right and I am wrong. I am going to make you a pledge that I won't take another drink for five years."

That was the beginning of a series of futile five-year plans that haunted his wavering footsteps for almost two decades.

The old ambassador, overcome with premature rejoicing, called another family reunion and instead of killing the fatted calf put the axe to the necks of half a dozen turkeys.

Did the prodigal son show up at this party? No. He had already fallen off the wagon with a bang.

So far as the records go he made little or no effort to climb back on, until at the age of 39 he learned that his father's will made doing so a paying proposition.

First he turned to the Army where he managed not to get into any scrapes until the night of the Armistice celebration when his inert form was picked up in the St. Louis streets.

So he had to start over. Once again he put his faith in Army life and went to Russia in an expeditionary force sent to oppose the new Communist regime.

After four years with no record against him Vincent came home and indulged in just one bracer; following this up with a threat to shoot an acquaintance on sight.

This resulted in a $25 fine for disorderly conduct—and the two million dollar inheritance moved another five years into the future.

Considering St. Louis a nemesis city, Kerens did most of his next stretch in Dallas and appeared before the St. Louis Union Trust Company in 1928 with the look of a conquering hero on his face.

He had done it at last, he said, and produced affidavits from prominent citizens to prove it.

The trust company announced that it was satisfied and filed suit in circuit court for an order authorizing it to turn the money over to Vincent.

"What about divorcing the wife you'd been married to for nearly 25 years? Was that good behavior?"

A judge ruled that it wasn't bad enough to disqualify Kerens.

The sisters countered:

"What about the woman in the Los Angeles hotel where you were arrested, and the false affidavits you made about her later?"

This woman, the former Mrs. Mae Linn, was by then Mrs. Vincent Kerens and the judge ruled that a little falsification on her behalf was seemly behavior.

It took a Court of Appeals to reverse that decision, but the sisters, never reluctant about seeing that the provisions of their father's will were carried out, were not slow to appeal.

On Feb. 12, 1933, Vincent made his last application to the trust company for the inheritance he again claimed he had won by abstaining for five years. Some of that time he had practically hibernated in the Wisconsin woods far away from temptation and snoopers, and as a result his second wife divorced him.

Vincent's new application never was taken to court and in 1935, worn out with pursuit of his elusive gold, 59-year-old Vincent Kerens signed a truce with his exacting sisters.

According to that agreement his debts of approximately $100,000 were paid and he would receive $20,000 a year for the rest of his life.

That is how the matter stood for the aging Mr. Kerens when the recent order was issued to distribute his pot of gold.

All he has now, or will ever get, is his yearly allotment.

"Dad," Said the Tipsy Youth, "I Am Going to Make You a Pledge That I Won't Take Another Drink for Five Years."

Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL

Bonanza!

Illustrated by
MATT CLARK

"Baby Doe, You Are Worth Your Weight in Silver. And I've Got More of That Than Any Other Man in the State of Colorado. And I Aim to Spend It on You."

By Gene Toughlin

HORACE AUSTIN WARNER TABOR climbed out of Colorado Gulch with another tin can full of gold dust to be hidden in his cabin, and paused to watch his prim wife Augusta taking baby Maxcy's laundry off the line.

Suddenly Haw—he liked his initials to be sounded like a teamster's command—slapped his thigh and shouted:

"Augusta, I declare you're worth your weight in gold!"

Augusta started and blushed at the compliment and then became aware of the bumps and bulges that were visible even under her modestly full dress.

Lumps made by buckskin bags of gold entrusted to her by miners of the camp who had no faith in banks or in the honesty of their tentmates. Augusta permitted herself a smile; she was truly worth her weight in gold.

Twenty years later and not far from the site of the same cabin, Haw Tabor leaned over his champagne glass and gazed into the limpid blue eyes of another woman. He said:

"Baby Doe, you are worth your weight in gold. No, better than that. You are worth your weight in silver. And I've got more of that than any other man in the state of Colorado. And I aim to spend it on you."

In the 20 years between compliments, and the years immediately following his "discovery" of Baby Doe, Haw Tabor wrote his own chapter in the mining history of the United States and the

HAW TABOR'S SILVER EMPIRE

political history of Colorado.

He wrote it boldly in huge letters of silver, on a background of gold—and lived to see the handwriting become dusty and blurred with the passage of time and the coming of poverty.

The Tabor saga started in 1854 when Haw, a stonecutter of Holland, Vermont, gave up drinking to marry sedately pretty Augusta Pierce of Augusta, Maine, and took his bride to Kansas Territory.

The Tabors "squatted" on 160 acres of land. Just about the time Augusta became reconciled to life on the plains, somebody found gold in Western Kansas, later to become Colorado, and the Tabors joined the migration.

Haw staked out a claim on the site of Idaho Springs and returned in the spring to find somebody had jumped his claim. The Tabor family, now three with the advent of baby Maxcy, retired to the sprawling settlement of Denver, where the resourceful Augusta operated a boarding house.

They moved again in 1860 when a new gold strike was reported in Colorado Gulch in the Arkansas Valley. Augusta was the only woman in the new camp and the miners elected her custodian of their gold, while Haw managed to wash out $15,000 worth of gold in 1860-1861.

AUGUSTA was content to remain in The Gulch, even with its new name of Oro City, but Haw heard a disturbing report about a bonanza over in the Mosquito Range.

"They're digging gold over there with pitchforks," somebody said, and that was enough for the Tabors. They spent six years in the village of Buckskin Joe where Haw launched his political career by being appointed postmaster, and then returned to Oro City, older but no richer.

The return to Oro City and the decision to stay there formed the turning point in the fantastic career of Haw Tabor.

For one thing, Oro City hadn't lived up to its name, which meant, broadly, City of Gold. With the discovery of silver-bearing lead carbonates in Colorado Gulch it had become a booming city of Silver.

George Fryer had wandered up Stray Horse Gulch and staked out the phenomenally rich New Discovery mine just before Haw Tabor was elected treasurer of Lake County and mayor of the town. He was also the leading storekeeper, with Augusta helping.

At the town meeting, Tabor made his first official speech.

"We need a new name for this glorious city," he declaimed. "And I'm for calling it Leadville. Seems like there's plenty of lead flying around here—or ought to be."

Mayor Tabor built the first brick building in Leadville—and paid for it a thousand times over with $64.75 worth of groceries and whiskey, retail value.

Tabor met August Rische and Theodore Hook, shoemaker and iron puddler, over the pickel barrel in his store. The year was 1878. They were going prospecting and they needed supplies but—well, it was the old familiar story. They didn't have any money.

Haw Tabor stroked his flowing moustaches and smiled.

"I'll grubstake you," he said. "We'll be partners, equal. Take your stuff—it adds up to $64.75—and we'll sign the agreement."

Rische and Hook took "their stuff" and trudged up Fryer Hill. On May 1, 1878, they discovered and christened The Little Pittsburgh. In August it was yielding $20,000 worth of ore every week, a third of which went to Tabor, still behind the counter in his store.

The yield, and the future, frightened Hook.

He sold his share to Rische and Tabor for $98,000, bought a farm and quit prospecting. Rische weakened a few months later. He sold his half-interest for $262,000 to Tabor and David H. Moffatt, who parlayed a stationery store in Denver into a railroad and the Moffatt Tunnel.

Rische died in Denver, practically penniless, after spending some of his fortune in the saloon business, as customer and owner.

HAW TABOR took time out to build another monument in his name, Tabor's Opera House, Leadville's most pretentious structure. The project helped earn him the title "Santa Claus of the Rockies," and it brought him luck in his mining speculations.

"He don't have to touch something to turn it to silver," one citizen sighed. "He just has to look at it."

Typical was his meeting with a character known as Chicken Bill, who offered him his claim for $1,000. Tabor saw evidence of silver in the shallow shaft, and bought it. The men he hired to do the digging reported the mine had been salted.

"Dig deeper, boys," Tabor encouraged. "My luck can't miss."

The Senator's Daughter—Her Laugh "Sounded Like the Ring of a Silver Dollar."

A few months later, repentant Chicken Bill sidled up to Tabor and confessed he had salted the mine.

"It's all right, Bill," Tabor grinned. "I just sold my share for $700,000. Have a drink."

He paid $117,000 for the Matchless—a name to be remembered—and it promptly started pouring $80,000 into his lap every month. Deals with Marshall Field, in Colorado and Chicago, netted him $2,000,000.

Haw Tabor was worth some $10,000,000 and his home life was anything but happy when he met Baby Doe.

That was when life, as he wanted to live it, began at 50 for Haw Tabor.

Elizabeth McCourt was wearing her golden hair in pigtails in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, when Haw and Augusta Tabor were making their first stake in Colorado Gulch. Her father was a well to do tailor and Mayor William H. Doe was one of his customers. That's how Elizabeth, in her teens, came to meet the mayor's son, Harvey.

After their marriage, the young couple followed the Tabor trail west but settled in Central City, Colorado, instead of Haw Tabor's Leadville.

Harvey failed as a miner and prospector, and Elizabeth failed as a pioneer wife. Too many masculine eyes were on her pretty face and figure; too many whispered compliments reached her pink shelled ears. And when they started calling her, admiringly, "Baby Doe," the truth came home to her—she was wasting her youth and her beauty in the mining town.

She was worthy of a big man, a great man, and in Colorado City that meant Haw Tabor; especially since it was common knowledge he wasn't getting along any too well with his strait-laced wife. Baby Doe packed up and went to Leadville—to stay.

A few hours after her arrival she was sipping wine at Tabor's table in the Clarendon Hotel, and their eyes sealed a compact that was to last their lifetime.

For years, Haw and Augusta had been drawing farther apart, and now, Haw decided, was the time to make the break definite. He wanted Baby Doe to be his wife—a precious jewel to be proudly displayed.

The break had to be made skillfully and without scandal, because Tabor was now Lieutenant Governor of Colorado and a career that might lead even to Washington was at stake.

Haw Tabor made the break in 1882. As he said good-by to Augusta and left her in her $40,000 mansion, she cried out:

"Oh, Pappy, don't leave me! You know it will be your ruin!"

It was a pathetic and prophetic farewell from the woman whose Spartan-like efforts had helped him climb from stonecutter to multimillionaire.

Tabor was too busy to dwell upon the scene. Baby Doe's divorce from husband Harvey was obtained quietly in a remote county of Colorado.

Haw had more trouble with his. At first, Augusta demanded half of his fortune but she finally settled for $250,000 cash and the mansion and went to Pasadena, California, to live. She died there in 1895.

Haw and Baby Doe got married twice, for good measure. The first ceremony, performed by a St. Louis justice of the peace, was kept secret, but the second, in Washington, D. C., was well publicized and was the climax of long planning.

Shortly after Haw met Baby Doe he decided he would claim her as his wife in the presence of the President of the United States! At the time, he was confident he would some day be U. S. Senator. He got his wish, through contributions and political contacts.

On Jan. 27, 1883, he was appointed to serve 30 days as an interim senator. Haw hired a private train for the trip to the nation's capital, took over 10 rooms in the Willard Hotel and sent two men to Italy to buy, for Baby Doe, the jewels Queen Isabella supposedly had pawned to finance Columbus on his voyage of discovery.

To these "crown jewels" he added a $90,000 diamond necklace and married Baby Doe March 2, 1883. And, sure enough, President Arthur was there and paid his compliments to the bride.

For 10 years the Tabors continued to ride the crest. Their two daughters, Elizabeth Pearl and Silver Dollar, were treated like princesses.

THEY had gold and silver pins to keep their baby clothes in place. Silver Dollar was given her name when William Jennings Bryan, the champion of silver, heard her laugh and said she "sounded like the ring of a silver dollar."

In the fateful year of 1893, the silver market collapsed and Tabor the multimillionaire became Tabor, the mortgagor. His stock certificates were worthless; so were the mines he had bought in Mexico and the huge tracts he had purchased in Central America.

Tabor sold his opera houses in Leadville and Denver, his Denver mansion, his coaches and horses. Broke at 63, Tabor rolled up his sleeves and went prospecting again, but found nothing.

What happened to Baby Doe, once the pampered darling of Denver?

She fooled her enemies, including practically all of Denver society, by cheerfully selling her jewels to help Haw pay his debts. She kept house and took care of her two children, always certain her Great Man would make a comeback.

He did, after a fashion. President McKinley, urged by influential Colorado capitalists, made him postmaster of Denver in 1898. The postoffice was on a $60,000 piece of land Tabor had presented to the government. The salary was $3,500 a year, an amount Tabor had spent in a casual trip from Denver to Leadville.

Baby Doe thought he was wonderful, as usual, and busied herself making plans for the future. She and Haw had nightly huddles over the oilcloth on the table in the dimly lit kitchen. She prepard a budget so that they would have money to develop The Matchless.

She fixed his noon-day lunches. The man who had spent a hundred dollars entertaining his friends with caviar and champagne during the day munched onion sandwiches in his postmaster's office at 12:30 p. m. every day.

Haw Tabor worked hard at his job; possibly too hard for a man his age. One sunny day in April, 1899, he paused in his noon hour stroll to contemplate the oil painting of himself in the lobby of the Tabor Grand Opera House.

It had supplanted a likeness of Shakespeare because, Tabor insisted, "Shakespeare never did anything for Denver, or Colorado."

He collapsed in front of the theatre.

He died April 10, 1889, of peritonitis. He held Baby Doe's hand and whispered:

"Hold onto the Matchless, darling. It will come back."

BABY DOE did hold on to the one claim left Tabor by his creditors. Her daughter, Elizabeth Pearl, married and settled down to quiet domesticity in Wisconsin. Silver Dollar, beautiful and ambitious, tried her hand at writing, romance and dancing—in the burlesque halls of Chicago, where she died in 1925 after burning her still shapely figure with a pan of boiling water.

Baby Doe moved to a warped shack near the shaft of the Matchless, emerging only to buy supplies and fight off five efforts of "outsiders" to gain possession of the abandoned mines.

She was still "holding on to the Matchless" when neighbors found her on March 7, 1935. Her body was frozen. The last notation on the calendar was Feb. 21—a scrawl that read:

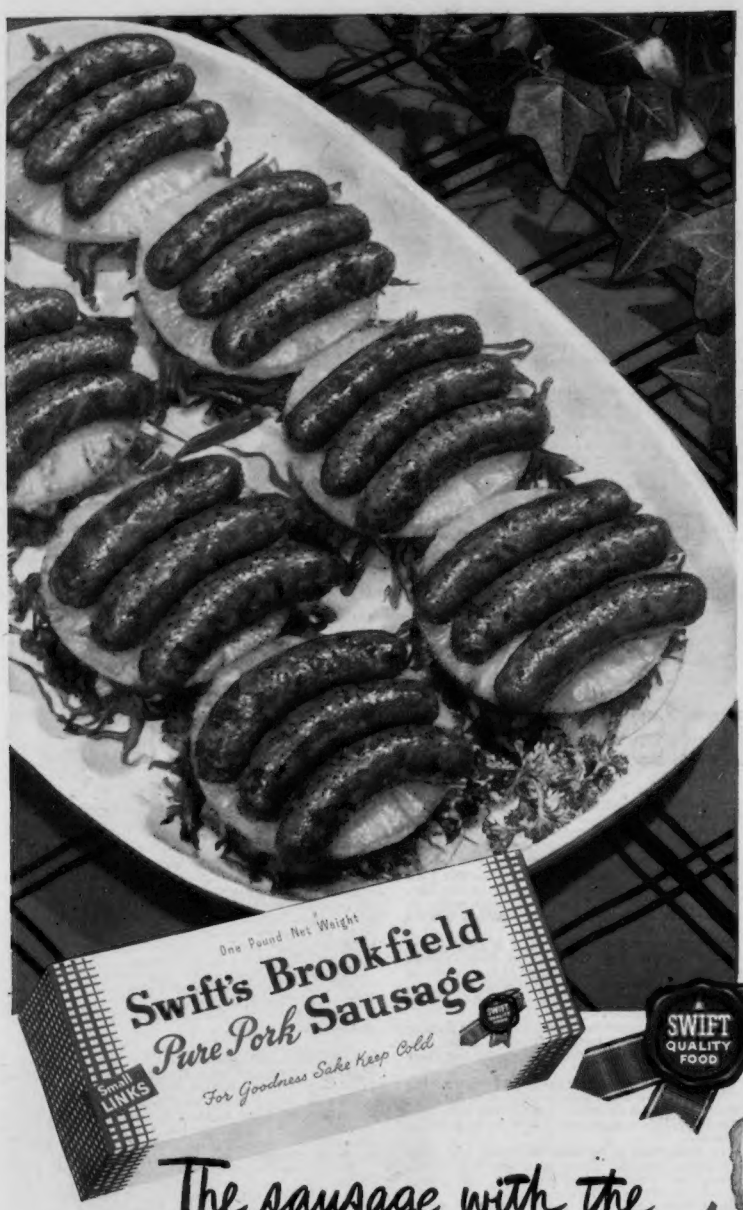
"Spirits—I talked with three."

The feet that had once caused diamond buckles to twinkle were wrapped in gunnysacks. There were two crumpled dollar bills in an old handbag, and a key to a trunk that contained the $7,000 wedding dress a President had admired.

At 83, Haw Tabor's Baby Doe had given up the vigil, as had the city he loved and christened.

Next Week—Copper Kings.

Speedy suppers go over big with Swift's Brookfield



Here's a tempting, hearty meal that you can put on the table in a hurry. Golden slices of canned Hawaiian pineapple pan-fried with savory links of SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD . . . the sausage with the "just-right" seasoning! So *mild* it brings out the goodness of the fine pure pork. So *tantalizing* that it gives appetites a razor edge. And its high-quality proteins make this sausage not only a grand-tasting, but nutritious, economical *dinner dish.*

STUFF YOUR THANKSGIVING TURKEY with SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD SAUSAGE in *bulk.* Recipe and directions on the 1 lb. cellophane package with the red plaid ends. Ask your dealer.

HERE'S THE RECIPE—FROM MARTHA LOGAN, SWIFT'S CHIEF HOME ECONOMIST. Pan-fry Swift's Brookfield Sausage and slices of canned pineapple. Put 2 slices together sandwich-fashion with a filling of Sweet Sour Red Cabbage, and serve topped with sausage. To fix the cabbage: Melt 2 T. fat in a saucepan. Add 4 c. shredded cabbage (1 medium-sized head); 2 medium-sized apples, chopped; ⅔ c. vinegar; 1 c. hot water; ½ t. salt. and 4 T. sugar. Cook 15 minutes. Drain.

Listen to ARCHIE ANDREWS on NBC
SATURDAYS, 10:30 A.M., NEW YORK TIME

The sausage with the Just-right Seasoning!

Also try these

SWIFT'S PREMIUM *Table-Ready* **MEATS**
. . . like delicious bologna
are sure to make a bit in lunch-box sandwiches, after-school snacks, late-evening spreads.

And
SWIFT'S PREMIUM *tender* **FRANKS**
sealed in the new cellophane wrapper to protect their goodness.

David Ridgway's TWICE-TOLD TALE

IT is the summer of 1946. The sky is bright, a soft breeze rustles among the roses and David Ridgway is in love.

The handsome naval officer is home from the war and his engagement to pretty Janet Finnie has just been announced. Friends and relations have been told the wedding date will soon be set.

(Ridgway, son of a prominent Los Angeles family, met the young Detroit deb while she was in the Waves. He was a lieutenant-commander then and after a while they were dreaming of church bells and pastors.)

Janet's father is Haldeman Finnie, a Detroit businessman, and her mother, the former Isabelle Holt, is a successful novelist and short story writer. Both look with favor at the impending nuptials and often entertain the dashing officer at their home in fashionable Grosse Pointe Park.

(Guests at the engagement party there toasted the couple and wished them a long and perfect marriage.)

But time is passing and the wedding date hasn't been set. Ridgway isn't coming in from Chicago as often and pretty soon he isn't coming in at all. Janet is seen around Detroit with other men.

Yet nothing is said, no announcement made of any change in their plans.

It comes finally from Janet's friends, who are saying the couple, after the first flush of fascination, have come down out of the clouds—have found they weren't suited to each other after all.

* * * * *

It's the summer of 1947 now and David Ridgway is walking again in paradise.

This time his prospective bride is another Detroit society girl, Emily Moran Peter. She is 25 and he is 42 and they met in Chicago, where both have been working for the Encyclopedia Britannica.

(Emily and Janet Finnie, the first near-Mrs. Ridgway, were close friends and Janet had chosen Emily as a bridesmaid for her own called-off wedding.)

Emily is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius C. Peter. Her father is a broker and a past president of the Detroit Club. Her mother's family is one of Detroit's oldest and most socially preferred.

(Mr. and Mrs. Peter frowned on the attachment at first on account of the couple's disparity in age. But they were soon won over and the wedding was arranged.)

Emily Peter Was Terribly In Love—Until She Heard the Telephone Ring.

The date is set this time and invitations are sent to friends and relatives. Emily and Ridgway are going to honeymoon in Estes Park, Colorado. Afterwards, the happy couple will live in Chicago.

Ridgway's mother is in from Los Angeles and his best man from New York.

All the guests have arrived now and the presents are on display in the Peter home in Grosse Pointe Farms. Fashionable Grosse Pointe Memorial Church is filled with ferns and flowers and the last of a round of parties for the couple is about to start at a near-by country club.

It is noon and the ceremony is to take place at 5 o'clock. At the Peter home, Ridgway and his betrothed are leaving for the club. A phone rings.

A maid answers it and calls after the couple.

"It's a long distance call for Mr. Ridgway from Los Angeles," she says.

Emily is at the door by this time and is plainly annoyed by the interruption, according to servants who later reported the gist of the following dialogue:

"Don't take the call, Darling," she says. "We're late now and we mustn't keep Mrs. Higbie (Mrs. Butler Higbie, hostess at the party) waiting."

Ridgway's answer is polite, but firm.

"But, Honey," he says, "it's probably from my uncle. I want to take it."

"Have the maid take a message and you can call him back."

"No, I'm going to talk to him."

Emily stamps her foot angrily.

"Apparently," she says, "your family means more to you than I do. If you make this call, David, our wedding is off."

Ridgway doesn't answer. He marches across the hall and snatches the phone from the table.

In a little while he's through. Emily, brushing past him, calls the Detroit Times.

"I have a stop-the-press item for you," she says. "I am not going to be married."

She gives no explanation.

"Just let it go at that," she says, hanging up.

The party at the club goes on without the guests of honor. Emily's father says the wedding has been called off by mutual consent, nothing more.

Friends press him for details.

"No statement is to be made," he tells them. "It would add nothing. Can't you just drop the whole thing? After all, these things happen every now and then."

Over at the church, the Rev. Paul F. Ketchum is told of the cancellation. Invited guests are telephoned and a sexton is posted at the church door to turn away those who can't be reached.

Friends of the couple are not too surprised.

"It was an accumulation of little things," they are saying, "that made them decide they were not suited for each other."

They are still discussing it animatedly when Ridgway leaves for Chicago and the guests are gathering at the Peter home for a cocktail party that was to have been a wedding reception.

Fighting GIRL MARINE

By Irving Johnson

THE battle raged furiously. The big guns blazed and the two ships shuddered under the booming broadsides. From the rigging on Old Ironsides' mainmast, a young marine fired his musket every time he saw a British bluejacket through the rolling smoke.

He was still firing when a charge of grapeshot splintered his gun butt. A comrade patted his shoulder.

"Never mind, George," he said. "You have already won sufficient laurels to recommend you to the pretty girls when you reach port."

George grinned as he examined the damaged weapon. Pretty girls, indeed! Well, there certainly wouldn't be any for him—for what nobody in the whole Marine Corps knew then was that George was a woman.

Her name was Lucy Brewer, and she came from Plymouth County, Massachusetts, and served with the marines through the entire War of 1812. She took part in all her ship's battles and was honorably discharged when hostilities were ended.

Lucy kept the secret of her sex from everyone till three years after the war, when she published an account of her gallant masquerade.

It all started with an unfortunate love affair. Lucy left home and lived in Boston for three years as Louise Baker. In 1812, she borrowed a sailor's suit and set out to fight for her country.

She rambled around town for a day, fearful of her disguise but delighted, as she later put it, "in being able to visit public places where females would not have been admitted." She spoke to a young woman and gained a measure of confidence when the girl said, "Yes, sir."

Then she entered a house where men were enlisting for United States frigates in Boston harbor and by an "artful stratagem" avoided the physical examination all new recruits were supposed to undergo.

"I entered as a marine," Lucy wrote afterwards, "receiving my advance money and clothing, and the next day I was taken aboard."

The lady marine said she was encouraged—and learned how to disguise her femininity—by reading the memoirs of Deborah Sampson, who fought for three years under Washington, as Robert Shurtleff.

On board the 44-gun frigate Constitution, later famed as Old Ironsides, Lucy learned the ropes.

"In the use of my arms I made great proficiency, which I soon learnt to load and discharge with an expertness not surpassed by anyone in my corps," she reported.

The Constitution sailed in August, 1812, and on the 19th, the British frigate Guerriere was sighted and the decks were cleared for action.

"I can solemnly declare," Lucy recalled, "that I never felt more composed. I felt an extreme desire to render myself conspicuous."

It was in this engagement that her gun butt was shattered.

The battle was soon over. The Guerriere, smashed and sinking, was captured, set afire and blown up.

The Constitution returned to Boston for repairs and Lucy met several young women she knew. None recognized her. At that time, she wrote, "I felt no disposition to return to my former dress."

Old Ironsides was riding the waves again in December and, off South America, encountered the British frigate Java and its prize, the American merchant ship William. The Java was quickly put out of action.

Lucy wrote that she discharged her musket 19 times.

"Never Mind It, George," a Comrade Said to the Young Marine Whose Musket Butt Had Just Been Shattered by a Charge of Grape. "You Have Won Sufficient Laurels to Recommend You to the Pretty Girls When You Reach Port."

Her sex was almost discovered after this engagement. Coming from aloft, she missed her step and fell overboard. She couldn't swim.

"A boat was sent to my assistance," reads Lucy's account of the episode, "but before they could recover me and get me on board, life had become nearly extinct.

"As soon as they got me on board, some of my shipmates were ordered to strip off my clothes and furnish me with a dry suit.

"They had nearly divested me of my outer dress when I mustered sufficient strength to beg them to desist as I felt able to do it myself."

Illustrated by JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

Lucy's term of enlistment ended shortly after this encounter, but she re-enlisted and made two more cruises before the war was won.

During the second of these cruises the Constitution captured the British ships Cyane and Levant off the west coast of Africa.

As a civilian she masqueraded as a man only once. This was when she took a stage coach journey from Boston to New York.

A drunken midshipman annoyed a young woman passenger and silenced an old gentleman who interfered.

Lucy interfered, too, and was rebuffed. Then she remembered an old marine lesson—never give up the ship or lower your flag unless compelled so to do by superior force.

The stage was disabled near Newport and the passengers were taken to an inn. Lucy borrowed two unloaded pistols and sent for the young midshipman. She told him both guns were equally loaded and asked him to take his pick.

The young man demurred. First he wanted seconds. Then he wanted to defer the duel until they got to Newport. At last he agreed to apologize to the young woman and the older man. He did this humbly, said Lucy, and then disappeared.

The lady marine always thought it was too bad he never knew he had been cowed by a woman.

BIG-CAR *Styling* AT LOWEST COST

THE NEW CHEVROLET

The only low-priced car of such surpassing beauty—the only low-priced car with Body by Fisher

CHEVROLET

SEE YOUR LOCAL CHEVROLET DEALER

The Grand Old Man and the First Lady of Football Map Out Gridiron Strategy.

TEAMMATES: Mr. & Mrs. Amos Alonzo Stagg

By Eugene Francis

AMOS ALONZO STAGG'S courtship of Stella Robertson had its drawbacks for Stella.

They'd be strolling on the campus of the brand-new University of Chicago, where young Stagg was the brand-new football coach, and he'd be telling her whatever a young man told his intended in those days.

Then there would come a muffled whoomp of an unseen football being kicked and A. A. Stagg would freeze like a pointer, counting the seconds until a dull thud informed him the ball had completed its flight.

"A good 40 yards," he would tell Stella, unmindful of her impatient foot-tapping. "That boy might come in handy on the team."

That was in 1892. At this writing, Amos Alonzo Stagg is still freezing to attention when he hears a football being kicked on the picturesque campus of Susquehanna University at Selins Grove, Pa., his present assignment in his 55th year as a coach. But now he has company and, sometimes, disagreement.

While being interviewed recently for The American Weekly, he timed two sounds and judged an invisible kick had traveled 50 yards.

"Don't be so sure, Alonzo," said Mrs. Stagg. "There's a stiff wind today. It might have gone straight up."

She winked and Stagg grinned.

"That's the only thing we disagree on," he said. "And after being married 53 years!"

The story of the Staggs and how Mrs. Stagg, as a grandmother, took up new interests has all the attributes of an American idyll of teamwork and unselfishness in marriage.

They talked about it, somewhat shyly, in the ideal setting—the last brick house on sleepy Faculty Row at Susquehanna University where the Grand Old Man of football went to visit his son, Amos Alonzo Jr.—and remained as assistant head coach.

Amos Alonzo Stagg, a football and baseball star at Yale, had gone to Chicago to set up a football dynasty that was to endure for decades.

As wife and mother, Stella Stagg was busy at home. The children came: Amos Alonzo Jr.; Paul, now a professor at Pacific University, Forest Grove, Ore., and a girl, now Mrs. Ruth Lauren of New York.

The children grew up and suddenly she realized they were leaving to start families of their own.

Stella Stagg felt lost. She felt jealous when she looked across the study of the Stagg home and saw her husband busy diagramming new plays.

It was clear enough that his interest in football would hold him for life. So she began an intensive study of "inside" football; the game as a science.

She studied hard and she was a well qualified student of the game when, in 1932, the blow fell.

The University of Chicago announced that A. A. Stagg had reached his 70th birthday; that, therefore, he was no longer eligible to remain as a member of the faculty. He was welcome to stay in an advisory capacity.

A. A. Stagg declined the "arm-chair job" and said good-by to the institution which he had made famous and called home for 40 years.

Stagg went west, to become head coach at the College of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif. He didn't find any ready made football players at the little school, but he was used to that. Besides, he had an assistant now; Stella Stagg had developed into a first class "scout."

Weighing 100 pounds dressed for nippy weather, Mrs. Stagg kept an eagle eye on 220-pound enemy tackles, noting their mistakes and the traits of fullbacks and ends. Her advance reports helped put Pacific on the West Coast football map and the big schools barely beat the little school.

It was suggested the other day that Mrs. Stagg make up a diagram and see if she could stump Stagg.

She was working on the defensive setup when Stagg came back into the room.

"What are you up to, Stella?"

She handed him the diagram.

"Alonzo, I was just figuring out a way to stop that new running play of yours. Look at that."

The Grand Old Man looked, scratched his snowy mane.

He put the paper down on the coffee table and went over to the writing desk. He came back with an eraser.

"You can't stop it now," he chuckled, rubbing out one figure in the defensive backfield. "You had 12 men on your team, Stella."

She winked, and then Stagg explained how he happened to leave The College of the Pacific in 1946. The college officials thought he should retire on the salary of full professor.

"Don't you think you have earned the right to retire?"

He shook his head sharply.

"No man has the right to retire as long as he can work and produce something that will be of benefit to his fellow men. If we could get all of our citizens doing that—working—instead of scheming and planning how they can get something for nothing, we would have an ideal way of life."

There was one other question. When the Staggs arrived at Susquehanna the newspapers carried reports that he, at 85, had signed a 10-year contract. Had he?

He shook his head slowly and said:

"I am not big enough to challenge the Almighty. And that would be a challenge. I'll keep working as long as He lets me—and I hope that will be a long, long time."

Stella Stagg cleared her throat:

"Time for afternoon practice, Alonzo," she announced.

Then the Staggs, Amos Alonzo and Stella, headed down Faculty Row and, sure enough, at the first corner they halted, heads uplifted.

Somebody had kicked a football.

Four ounces, $1.00; Family 1 Lb., $3.50
Also 3oc and 50c Sizes

The cream shampoo for true hair loveliness

Men know how completely captivating lovely hair can be... hair that sparkles with silky softness—ripples with natural highlights and shadows—delights with clean fragrance. For men love hair that has that *natural* appeal. And today, more and more women are discovering that True Hair Loveliness is theirs with *one touch of magic*—Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty *cream* that lathers luxuriously in hard or soft water, and sweeps dullness away... quickly (no special rinse)... easily... inexpensively. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore Kay Daumit blended gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic cream that leaves the hair softly glowing—wondrously obedient to your brush and comb. Try a jar. You'll be delightfully surprised at what a world of glamour one touch of Lustre-Creme Shampoo magic can bring. At all cosmetic counters.

See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. And see how *tempting* it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 North Michigan Ave, Chicago, Ill.

ITURBI STORY'S HAPPY ENDING

By Irmis Johnson

TWO delicately pretty but puzzled little girls in blue, aged nine and 10, skipped hand in hand down the resounding corridor of the Queens Supreme Court (N. Y.), then stopped to look back as a hush settled over the crowd of grownups they'd left buzzing angrily behind them.

The motherless sisters, Maria Teresa and Maria Antonia Hero, knew that all the loud talk and argument in the hallway had been about them. It made them scared to think that when the talking was over they'd be told where they must live the rest of their little-girl years.

Would it be with their famous grandfather, Jose Iturbi, in his Beverly Hills mansion, or with their very dear father, Stephan Hero, a concert violinist, in Forest Hills, N. Y.?

What Teresa and Tony saw as they looked back seemed wonderful but it didn't give them the answer.

Grandfather Iturbi, his face wreathed in smiles, had thrown his arms around their father; their father, his eyes strangely bright as if from tears, returned the embrace.

As the bewildered children learned later, a friendly settlement, without court action, had been made and they are to live with their father, who has complete custody, but their grandfather is welcome to visit them whenever he wishes.

This happy ending to a transcontinental custody battle that has been going on, intermittently, for more than six years may be credited in large part, Mr. Hero says, to the wisdom, and insight into human nature, of Judge Cortland A. Johnson.

New York law was all on Stephan Hero's side when his father-in-law had him summoned into court to show cause why custody of Teresa and Tony should not be restored to Iturbi, who, by special arrangement with the late Maria Hero, Stephan's estranged wife and Iturbi's daughter, had held such custody in California from 1943 until her death in April, 1946.

On the basis of the New York law that a surviving parent has a prior claim over anyone else to custody of his children, it would have been possible to turn the little girls over to their father after a prolonged courtroom procedure where two temporarily embittered and notably temperamental musicians—the father and the grandfather—unleashed their animosity through a battery of witnesses expertly questioned by a number of top-notch attorneys.

That might have been done, and the grandfather's affections and material assistance been lost forever, had the judge been a heartless stickler for nothing but legal issues.

"As a judge I am interested in the personal equation," Justice Johnson explained as he told of recessing the case and inviting litigants and lawyers to his chambers where, for a whole afternoon, they discussed freely what would be best for the little girls.

There is no excuse, the judge points out from his long experience in Children's Court for letting angry accusations be made public unnecessarily to blight the lives of innocent, growing children.

For better understanding he talked with the children alone.

Already, the case indicated to him, two well-meaning adults had let Teresa and Tony become pawns in temperamental battles and bickering.

Twice, since the legal separation of Maria and Stephan in 1939 the girls have been secretly taken across the continent.

The first time, according to Mr. Hero, was on Christmas Day, 1941, when Mr. Iturbi who was on a business trip in New York asked to see the girls and took them, under assumed names, to California. This violated the court agreement stipulating that the children were given to Maria for custody provided they were not taken out of New York.

The second time was on June 8, 1947, when Stephan Hero who had been living with his children in the Iturbi home since Maria's death, took his small daughters for a walk in California and boarded a plane for LaGuardia Field, taking them from the airport to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Hero, in Forest Hills, Long Island.

"I took them," Hero said, following the recent settlement of the case, "because they were not happy with their grandfather and their environment was not of the best.

"They were expected to live too much like little adults instead of children. They were not permitted to have pets, so my parents had Beauty, a lovable cocker spaniel, waiting for them when we arrived in New York.

"Now that this thing is settled we can plan for the future, and already their grandfather, Iturbi, has telephoned twice since the settlement.

"Time could have adjusted the whole thing, and it should have," the young father exclaimed as he repeated his joy that the show-cause order had been withdrawn and the agreement had been a family affair.

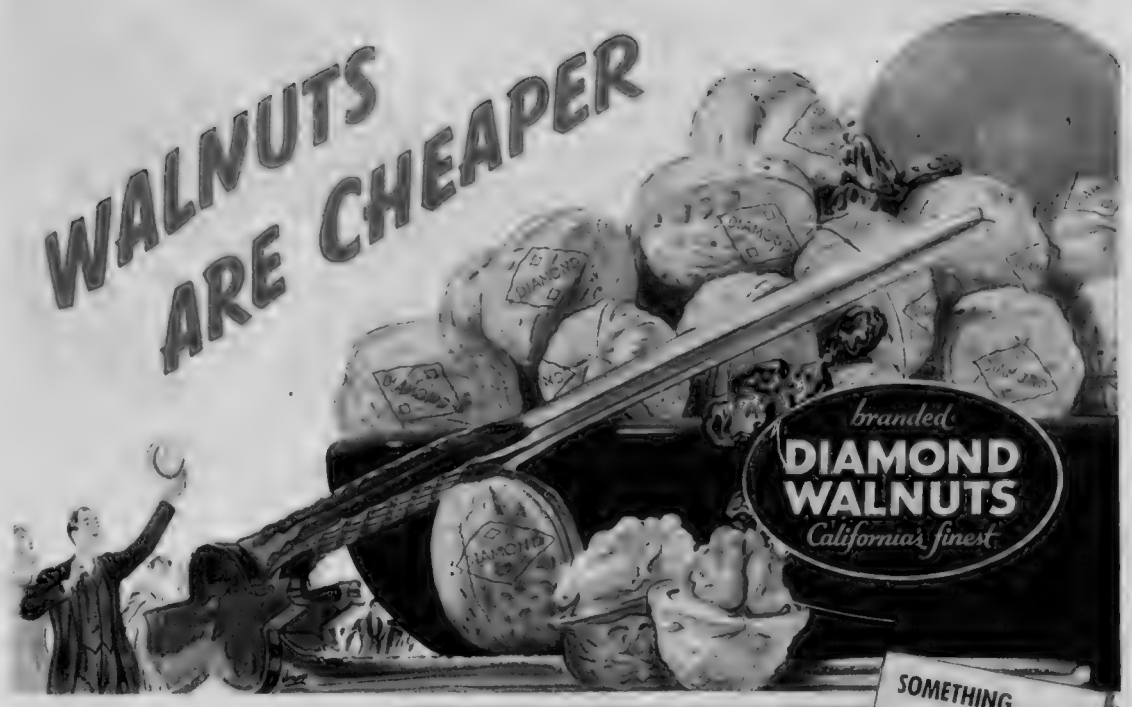
Now Stephan Hero hopes his children will have the "solid emotional environment" that Henry M. Grant, executive director of the Family Relations Center of San Francisco has declared is "the one thing children need above everything else."

"When a home breaks up," the expert continues, "it is better for a child to remain with one member of the family than to be bandied back and forth until he is no longer certain of 'belonging' anywhere."

Much bitterness in the lives of growing children who have become pawns of disagreeing parents or relatives can be spared, Justice Cortland Johnson believes, if judges always consider the "human equation."

"Now We Can Plan for the Future," Teresa and Antonia Hero's Father, Stephan Hero, Exclaimed. A Reconciliation With Grandpa Jose Iturbi Has Put an End to Bitter Custody Battles.

WALNUTS ARE CHEAPER

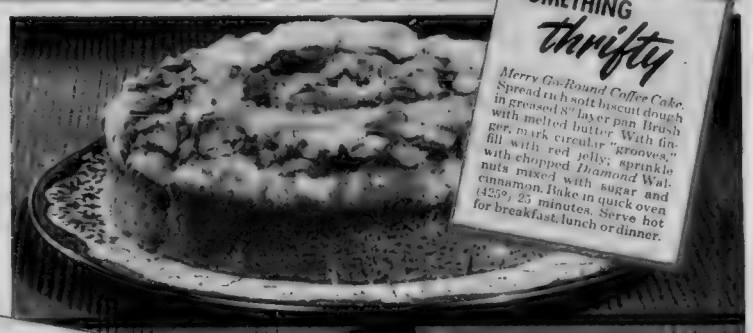


DIAMOND WALNUT PRICES ARE DOWN.... but quality is as high as ever!

Just see how they help you save!

START with ordinary, inexpensive ingredients like those in the dishes shown here—and then add *Diamond* Walnuts. You'll agree—even the simplest dish is bursting with old-fashioned goodness.

And with walnut prices down, you can use them often. In salads, for new texture; in desserts, for new glamour; in hot-breads, for new variety. But to get the most for your money—more plump, tender kernels per pound—look for the *Diamond* brand on every shell.

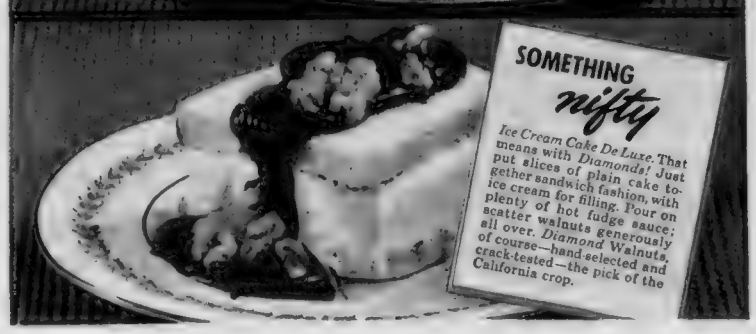


SOMETHING *thrifty*

Merry Go-Round Coffee Cake. Spread rich soft biscuit dough in greased 8" layer pan. Brush with melted butter. With finger, mark circular "grooves," fill with red jelly; sprinkle with chopped *Diamond* Walnuts mixed with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in quick oven (425°) 25 minutes. Serve hot for breakfast, lunch or dinner.

SOMETHING *swifty*

Walnut Banana-Split Salad—today's hurry-up version of an old-time favorite. Just split a thoroughly ripe banana, lay it on lettuce, dot with golden *Diamond* Walnut halves and slices of Maraschino cherry. Pass mayonnaise or other salad dressing separately. Doubles nicely as salad-and-dessert for lunch or supper



SOMETHING *nifty*

Ice Cream Cake De Luxe. That means with *Diamonds!* Just put slices of plain cake together sandwich fashion, with ice cream for filling. Pour on plenty of hot fudge sauce; scatter walnuts generously all over. *Diamond* Walnuts, of course—hand-selected and crack-tested—the pick of the California crop.

More Walnut Magic

Add *Diamond* Walnuts to fudge pudding before baking...mix walnuts in creamed onions and carrots...use coarsely chopped walnuts for crunchy turkey stuffing... always tuck a handful in packed lunches, for a wholesome, welcome dessert.

Back Again—Vacuum Packed

Wonderfully handy: these ready-shelled, delicious *Diamond* Walnuts, in 4 and 6 ounce vacuum tins. You'll find mixed halves and pieces, the same high quality as *Diamonds* in the shell, for instant use in your favorite dishes. Try them!

CAUSING *Our Own* ACCIDENTS

By G. B. Lal

A MOST important case of man's misfortunes — accidents, ailments, fatigue, unhappiness, severe pain and other troubles — is a hidden, unconscious drive in his own mind.

Without knowing it, he punishes himself in small and big ways, all the time. When this secret, unconscious force becomes clearly known to him, his troubles cease, often most dramatically.

This is the substance of a number of discoveries which psychiatrists have made, as was brought to light at a recent meeting of the American Psychiatric Association in New York.

Psychiatric studies especially of mentally disordered and neurotic persons, but also of persons with supposedly normal minds, have shown that a great deal of so-called "recklessness," ending in injury or death, is a veiled, unconscious suicidal impulse.

A case, apparently exemplifying this view, has been reported from Colusa, Calif. Sixteen-year-old Robert Swanson played the game of "Russian roulette," in which one gambles with death. According to the rules, he inserted a single cartridge in a revolver and fired at himself. There was one chance in six that the bullet was in firing position. It was. Swanson's behavior suggests that death was courted, with a hidden purpose, under the guise of a daredevilish play.

Dr. Karl Menninger, in his book, "Man Against Himself," published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, cites a strange case to illustrate the unconscious motive of self-punishment in accidents.

In a quarrel with her husband, a woman said: "I wish you'd go out and have an accident."

With no conscious intention of obliging her, he carelessly walked in front of an automobile and actually did lose part of one foot.

After his recovery, the wife shocked him by saying:

"I wish you'd lose the other foot."

Sure enough, a few days later he was run over again and lost his other foot. Terrified by the thought of what her next wish might be, he sued her for divorce.

Dr. Menninger points out that while the husband's conscience, his moral sense, wouldn't allow him to mutilate or kill himself, it offered no resistance to "accidents."

Thus, because of what seemed to be an intolerable domestic situation, he sought to find escape by unconsciously making a martyr out of himself.

Among 1,600 patients with fractures of arms and legs, at the Presbyterian Hospital, Columbia Medical Center, New York, many were found to have marked "proneness to accidents," that is, each of them suffered accidents repeatedly, in some cases 20 or more times.

Severely painful and crippling accidents happened to these gluttons for punishment not only while crossing the streets (day dreaming or otherwise ignoring the traffic rules) and in industrial work or playing games, but even in the supposed safety of the home, office or classroom environments.

One girl broke her leg playing football, when her mind was troubled by the thought that her mother, who had married a second time, would send her away from home. She said to the doctors, "Now my mother can't send me away."

The psychiatrist understood what she herself didn't, that her accident was unconsciously intentional. She had become a martyr, able to triumph over her mother.

Dr. Menninger had a woman patient who had been chronically sick for 16 years. Her digestion and glandular functions were out of order. Repeated operations failed to relieve her of her numerous pains. She was a heavy burden to her doting mother and brothers. The psychiatrist, suspecting that her sickness was unconsciously purposeful, explored her mind.

He discovered that she had hated her mother and brothers, pretending even to herself that she "loved them." Her illness had caused unhappiness to herself, but also to these relatives. When he had made her understand the basic cause of her troubles, she felt a tremendous relief. She was cured of ailments.

In 1946, in this country alone, 100,000 persons were killed in accidents, in most of which carelessness played the decisive part.

In the light of psychiatric researches most of this so-called carelessness, leading to accidents, turns out to be disguised, unconscious destructiveness, or self-punishment.

Consider the case of a school boy who is pretending to be very courteous toward his teacher, but in his heart wants to see the teacher punished. He's going to develop a guilty conscience, and under such an emotion he might hurt himself—self-punishment just because of wishing the teacher ill luck.

Or, the boy might identify himself, temporarily, with his teacher, and getting hurt would then mean that he has hurt the teacher.

He might be the sort of boy who, in early childhood, was punished by the mother or father he loved so well, and thus has come to associate punishment with unconscious pleasure (getting punished by mother had pleasurable rewards).

Whatever the tortuous ways in which the unconscious mind works in a particular case, the broad principle of modern psychiatry is that self-punishment is a common, hidden thing—the root of which is selfishness, aggressiveness, wrong association of love and pain or hatred and, to some degree, pleasure.

Many Misfortunes—From a Sprained Ankle to Sudden Death —May Be Caused by a Secret Force of Self-Destruction.

Illustrated by LEE CONREY

It's Here!

NEW Rinso WITH SOLIUM

—the marvelous "Sunlight" Ingredient

Never before anything like this!

Yes, you'll rub your eyes in amazement! New Rinso with Solium, the marvelous "sunlight" ingredient, actually washes white things whiter *than brand new*... makes washable colors look brighter *than brand new!*

You'll see new whiteness and brightness come back to clothes that have been yellowed or dulled by many washings with ordinary soaps. New Rinso makes this astounding difference no matter how hard the water — and always with safety to your clothes and hands! After just one washing with these soapy-rich suds, you'll realize that New Rinso makes all other washday soaps seem out-of-date!

Get New Rinso containing Solium today. When you see the amazing results you'll never be satisfied with any other washday soap!

So SAFE for Clothes... So KIND to Hands

*NO OTHER SOAP IN THE WORLD CAN MAKE THESE CLAIMS... NO OTHER SOAP CONTAINS SOLIUM!

New Rinso is another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

HEROIC

Heroic Dogs, Inc., Has Bestowed Its First Medal on Smoky, a Setter, Whose Uncommon Devotion Placed His Master's Life Above All Else

With a Gesture as Gallant and Reckless as the Charge of the Light Brigade, the Little Mongrel Hurled His Tiny Form Into the Breach Between His Young Master and the Snarling Mountain Lion.

HEROIC DOGS, INC., has awarded its first medal to Smoky, the young setter which at the risk of his life, rescued his unconscious master, T. J. Donaldson, of Atlanta, Ga., from a wrecked automobile at the bottom of a flooded stream.

Smoky's feat received nation-wide publicity; nobody knows quite how he did it.

Donaldson, a department store executive, was riding home from a hunting trip with Benjamin W. Noyes, a civil engineer, and Smoky.

The car was rolling along highway 41, near Macon when, suddenly, it plunged into rain-swollen Echeconnee Creek.

Noyes, who was driving, was pinned behind the steering wheel. Donaldson, who was sitting beside him, was knocked unconscious as the car tumbled 40 feet from the road and buried its nose in the water. Smoky was in the rear seat.

Smoky got his master out of a shattered window of a submerged sedan. Donaldson doesn't know how. When he regained consciousness Smoky had his teeth in his coat collar and was swimming ashore with him.

Smoky dragged Donaldson up the muddy bank and barked. Frank Bazemore, a boy living in the neighborhood, heard the alarm and called an ambulance. Then Smoky swam out to the wreck, apparently to bring back his master's companion. Smoky returned alone. Noyes was dead.

A clumsy pup when Donaldson got him as a gift from Noyes, Smoky grew into a dog with the finest traditions of loyalty.

The day after the accident, Smoky was taken to Macon Hospital, where Donaldson was under treatment. He didn't wait for anybody to lead him to the room. Instinct alone was his guide.

Without hesitation, Smoky bounded into the room, put his forepaws against the bed and nuzzled his head in the grateful arms of his master.

"It all seems like a nightmare," Donaldson said, "what with the two of us slipping and struggling up the muddy bank after Smoky got me out of the water. I still wasn't sure whether I was alive or dead."

The incorporators of Heroic Dogs, Inc. a group of prominent humanitarians who formed a new organization recently under the leadership of Dr. George Watson Little, former Professor of Surgery in the Veterinary School of New York University—selected Smoky to receive their first award because he used intelligence and determination, as well as the God-given instinct to serve his master, in his rescue.

"Qualities such as Smoky showed," members of the organization say, "exemplify factors upon which we shall make all future awards.

"We intend to limit the Heroic Dogs, Inc. awards to the truly heroic and unusual dog achievements. Our medal for dogs should, with all due reverence, become the equivalent of the Congressional Medal of Honor for our heroic service men."

The incorporation papers further state:

"...to perpetuate the memory and spirit of dogs as friends of mankind; to publicize and disseminate, through newspapers, periodicals, magazines, radio or any other appropriate media, records of the heroic exploits, achievements, loyalty and services rendered by dogs to mankind, to inculcate a higher appreciation of the value of such animals to society; to promote and develop a public interest in the welfare and humane treatment of dogs."

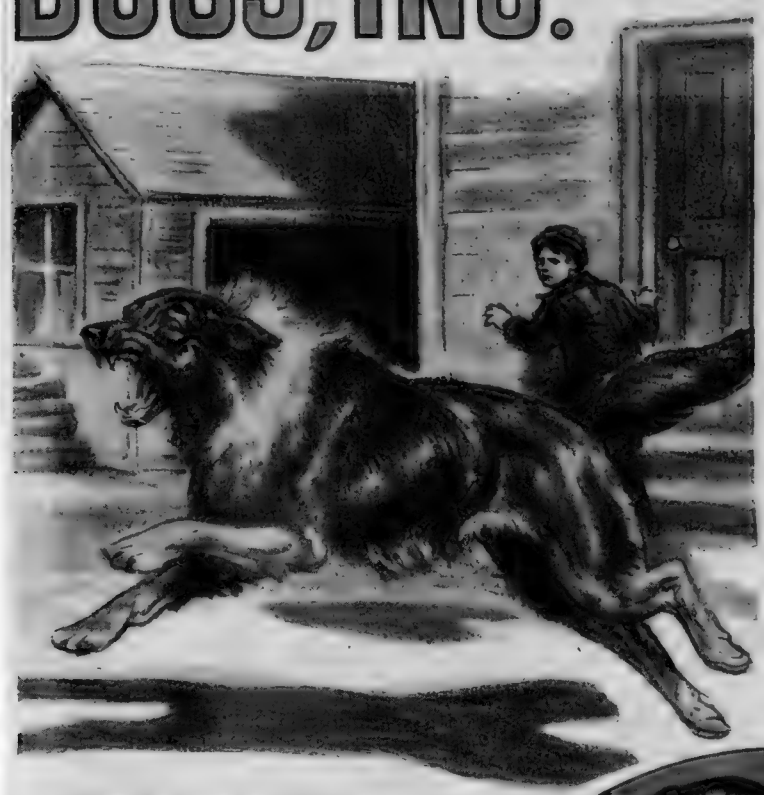
DR. LITTLE, who has been in private practice in New York for 25 years, specializing in the treatment of small animals, also has judged the annual Pet Show at the Madison Square Boys' Club of New York for a quarter of a century. For seven years he was chief of the Hospital of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and is the author of two books on animals.

He is president of Heroic Dogs, Inc., P. O. Box 1192, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y.

Its vice president, Mrs. Albert Payson Terhune, is the widow of the chronicler in fiction of the immortal Sunnybank collies. Other members are

Lorna Burnett Is Gratefully Hugging "Spot" After the Puppy Saved Her From Sliding Into a Half-Frozen Creek at Mitchellville, Iowa.

DOGS, INC.



Albert B. Hines, who originated the Pet Show and is the director of the Madison Square Boys' Club; Paul Abbott, a member of the Westminster Kennel Club, and Louise Bascom Barratt, editor, playwright and author of "The Life Story of the Ugly Duckling."

ALTHOUGH Heroic Dogs, Inc., has selected only one medal winner, its members are only too willing to admit the valor, "beyond the call of duty," of many other faithful canines; among them Rinnie, a toy collie from Pennsylvania.

Rinnie earned his recognition mushing a mile through a snowstorm with a message tucked under his collar from his master, H. R. Parker, 51-year-old operator of gas and oil wells in Pennsylvania. Seriously injured when caught in machinery in an engine room on his property near Chicora, Parker, though conscious, was in danger of bleeding to death unless he got help.

Outside the shack, Rinnie was romping in the snow. The Parker home was a mile away. Parker called to Rinnie, scribbled the note and fastened it to the dog's collar. He gave the command:

"Go home, Rinnie! Go home!"

Parker told about it later:

"Rinnie seemed to know something was wrong. Fortunately I had a stub of a pencil and I managed to tear a sheet from an old calendar and write on it: 'I am seriously injured. Get help.'

"I tried to tie it to Rinnie's collar but the string I had was rotten so I bent the note and tucked it under his collar and sent him home."

PARKER wasn't sure whether Rinnie would complete the mission. Meanwhile he was numbed by the cold and weakened by loss of blood.

"I was just on the point of trying to get out of there by skidding along on a shovel which was in the room," he said, "when I heard my wife calling and Rinnie barking and I knew the little dog had saved me."

Mrs. Parker described Rinnie's homecoming:

"He scratched at the door and when I let him in he stood at my side looking at me. I noticed the message under his collar and read it. Then I called some of the neighbors."

There also is Rex, owned by Armond Doin, who operates a parking lot at Troy, N. Y. Rex was taking it easy among the parked cars when he heard cries from the vicinity of the Hudson River, which flows near by.

Rex trotted to the river bank and saw Thomas Stoliker, 12, and his brother, James, 11, stranded on breaking ice. Thomas slipped into the water twice but managed to cling to a floe. James fell once and floundered around until he got a firm hold on a floating chunk.

Rex ran back to the parking lot, barking at Doin's heels until his master followed him to the river. Doin rounded up some men and, with a ladder and ropes, pulled the boys to safety.

Boots is a female owned by William Fogle, of Pittsburgh. The three members of the Fogle family were asleep one midnight when Boots began running from one bed to another, barking. Nobody paid any heed at first. Then William Jr. smelled smoke. It came from a door leading to the bathroom. In a few minutes the bedroom was ablaze, but the family had been awakened.

Nor did fire hold any terrors for Domino, a little fox terrier in Washington, D. C. Domino, belonging to 11-year-old Beatrice Jordan, apparently is one of those dogs who won't take "no" for an answer. When fire broke out in the home of Beatrice's grandfather, the terrier tore into the building, determined to save his mistress.

Some minutes later, firemen inside came across Domino's inert form where he lay overcome by smoke. Thinking he was dead, they carried him outside, and the fresh air soon revived the dog, and he immediately tried to re-enter the flames. It was not until Beatrice herself, safe at school through all the excitement, appeared on the scene, that Domino quit struggling.

IN AUBURN, N. Y., George Nicht is alive today only because of the alertness of his black and tan Manchester terrier, who bears the unimpressive name of Ratsy Patsy. One night recently Nicht lighted his gasoline heater and retired to bed. Several hours later he was awakened to the insistent urgings of the terrier. Arising, he discovered that the boiler had overheated and might blow up. Only the dog's warnings enabled him to forestall the explosion.

Not all dog heroes survive.

There was the nameless mongrel in Kane, Pa., not long ago. He was playing in a yard with his 4 year-old master, Claude Mollander, Jr., when a mountain lion wandered in.

The boy ran screaming toward the door of his home. The dog didn't. He stood and did battle, charging into the jaws of death as gallantly as the Light Brigade at Balaklava. The dog didn't have a chance against the 150-pound puma. Claude's mother opened the door just as the faithful pet received a mortal blow.

In Los Angeles, Pepper, a mixed spitz-terrier awakened his young mistress, Audrey Stewart, by barking. She spread the alarm and fled to safety with ten other persons after seeing flames that startled the dog. Pepper, the hero, died.

In Philadelphia, Fritz, 5-year-old mongrel aroused Earl Collins Sr. by scratching his hand as he slept. Collins saw that the house was afire and ran out with Fritz. Then the dog disappeared, and later was found dead under a bed.

The records bulge with examples of canine fidelity—such as Mac's, for instance. When Pat McDonald, 3, wandered away from his father's ranch near Bisbee, Ariz., Mac went along. When Pat was found 17 hours later, he was resting in a foxhole dug in the desert sand by Mac. There was evidence that a pack of coyotes had been near by. Pat was unharmed. Mac was on guard.

Or the story of another faithful western dog belonging to sheep rancher Atwood Richardson of Cimarron, Colorado. Richardson was riding one day, when his horse dropped dead. Badly injured, Richardson crawled to his camp, and lay there semi-conscious. Three days later a neighbor saw the injured man's dog trying to attract his attention. Following the faithful canine, he discovered Richardson's plight, and rushed him to a hospital.

Smoky's Instinct Led Him Straight to Donaldson's Room. Joyfully, He Bounced Into His Master's Arms.

Illustrated by EDWIN MEGARGEE

PART OF THE AMERICAN SCENE

Brooklyn Bridge—vital link between two great boroughs of a great city. At one end, Manhattan, hemmed in by rivers . . . growing toward the sky. At the other, the broad spaciousness of Brooklyn and Long Island. A famous part of the American Scene, *painted by Guy Wiggin.*

Throughout this nation of coffee lovers—**MORE PEOPLE BUY AND ENJOY MAXWELL HOUSE THAN ANY OTHER BRAND OF COFFEE!**

Because that "Good to the Last Drop" flavor adds so much real enjoyment to good living, Maxwell House is America's favorite—of all coffees, at *any* price! Yes, North, South, East, or West, Maxwell House is truly part of the American Scene!

Products of General Foods

Good to the Last Drop!

● *Tune in . . . Maxwell House Coffee Time . . . starring George Burns and Gracie Allen, NBC, Thursday Night*

STRANGE STORY OF THE 7 Sutherland Sisters

★ ★ By Karl S. Brong ★ ★

WHERE the highway swings north of Lockport, N. Y., only charred timbers now mark the site of a strange castle of the Nineties. The inquiring tourist hears:

"That was the home of the Seven Sutherland Sisters. Last one, Grace, died a little while back."

Younger travelers are aware only of an agreeably alliterative name. Oldsters may recall with a start something of the fantastic story of the seven sisters with the longest hair in the world, and what it did to their lives...

Work did not stop on the little farm in 1870 when Fletcher Sutherland (he claimed descent from the English duke) went into town to discuss politics. A whole chorus of daughters—Sarah, Isabella, Naomi, Mary, Grace, Dora and Victoria, could dance from task to task about the Sutherland log cabin.

It was a group fitted to halt any observer. When the sisters busied themselves with farm chores, their amazing tresses were caught up in great braids.

If it was let down for washing or brushing, it literally trailed on the ground behind them in rippling, shining trains.

It was a breath-taking example of Nature's lavishness concentrated in a single family. Naomi could wrap herself in her hair like the most discreet Godiva—it made a massive cloak.

Victoria's hair, from brow to tip, was a full seven feet. In the expression of the day, all of the others were similarly blessed with crowning glories.

No log cabin could be the bushel to hide such a light for long.

Vaudeville and circus magnates begged the sisters to sign contracts. There were hurried, whispered conferences. Then the decision—yes, they would leave their log cabin and display their lush locks to the world if they could stay together.

That was what the agents wanted, anyway. The Seven Sutherland Sisters sallied forth.

Broadway gaped and so did Main street. When these sisters, one after the other, trailed across the gas-lit stage and swung about to shake out the billowing hair, there was a concerted gasp. To enlarge the act, they learned to play musical instruments and sing.

Money was already rolling in from personal appearances when a truly magnificent idea was hit upon. Why not a hair tonic named after and recommended by the Seven Sutherland Sisters?

Practically every woman who had ever seen them wanted hair like that. (The bob hadn't been thought of.) It should have a brisk sale.

It did. A company was formed and the business prospered at once, netting $90,000 the first year. So great was the demand for the "miracle tonic" that within a few years their earnings had reached the $1,000,000 mark.

Throughout the 1880s, the sisters continued to make their personal appearances, and gather a golden harvest. Despite their stage appearances, they appeared to be quite shy, remaining aloof from other performers and sufficient unto themselves.

In 1893 they built a tremendous home near the spot where their log cabin once stood. It was in the rococo style of the period with turrets, ornamented verandas and every florid touch money could buy.

Another $30,000 was spent for a vast mausoleum on the family burial plot in Glenwood cemetery.

Then suddenly the sun which had smiled so warmly upon the seven sisters began to set.

Only Naomi and Isabella had married and brought their husbands to the great house. Naomi died in 1895, and in due time was laid to rest in the mausoleum. Next to go was Isabella's husband, a French nobleman named Frederick Castlemaine.

Castlemaine was a famous pistol shot who reputedly sat on the Sutherland veranda one day and shot the spokes from the wheel of a farmer's buggy which had stopped on the road. He turned the gentleman out in 1896 and died almost instantly.

Castlemaine's suicide provoked a real exhibition of eccentricity in the surviving sisters. Isabella refused to yield the body for interment.

It stayed in the house for ten days, until authorities demanded that it be removed. For years afterward, until her death in 1914, Isabella was observed making her way across the city at night to sit for hours in rendezvous with the dead.

Authorities encountered similar trouble in 1919 when Sarah died. They were forced to insist upon interment.

Even the passing of dogs and other pets moved the sisters deeply. The death of a favorite dog called for a regular funeral with a casket, flowers, and crepe on the door. The undertaker's bill was $500.

Extravagances and charities had swallowed vast sums of hair tonic money when the glittering stream dropped to a trickle.

Victoria also died in 1914 with little left of her shares in the company. Dora was wresting a meager existence in 1919 by selling the once famous hair tonic when she died.

Only Mary and Grace were left in 1938 when fire swept their castle-like refuge which had decayed with the years. Mary died the following year and Grace remained the surviving member of the septet.

Merely a flash of silver was left of the historic tresses—and none of the gold they won—when Grace died on Jan. 19, 1946. There wasn't even room for her in the crowded mausoleum. She was buried in the family lot without a stone to mark the grave.

The Seven Sisters With the Longest Hair in the World Reaped a Harvest From Their Personal Appearances and the Hair Tonic Named After Them.

UNMARRIED MILLIONAIRES—

By Warren Hall

THE way Hunt Hartford looks at it, if a fellow likes tennis and squash, likes swimming and sailing, likes to dabble occasionally in business and likes to write, he can keep himself tolerably busy even if he doesn't have to earn a living.

Hunt has no need to worry about money. He has an income of a million a year. His grandfather, George Huntington Hartford, started a tea store in Vesey Street in New York (almost next door to The American Weekly's new home) in 1859, and it grew into the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, or A. & P., which has 7,500 stores and 100,000 employes. Hunt's full name is George Huntington Hartford II.

He was working on a novel before he was commissioned in the Navy early in 1942. When he came back four years later, after a creditable contribution to victory, he ran across a poem by John Ruskin, the last stanza of which was:

For Aye, the time of wrath is past,
and near the time of rest.
And honor binds the brow of man,
and faithfulness his breast;
Behold, the time of wrath is past,
and righteousness shall be,
And the Wolf is dead in Arcady
and the Dragon in the sea.

He had been thinking that he ought to write a book based on his experiences in the Pacific, so he put the unfinished one away in a trunk or a tea canister or something and started a new novel to be entitled "The Dragon in the Sea."

It won't be biographical because, St. George-like though his war career might have been, he is quick to admit that he had a very infinitesimal part in slaying the dragon.

About the only biographical piece that Hunt ever wrote was one for a national magazine concerning his experiences on a square-rigger he had converted into a yacht. In it he had several sly digs not only at himself but also at his mother, such as:

"Mother came down to see us off; she was looking slightly younger than myself, and the only claim she had to her eyelashes was the fact that she had paid for them. She did not bother much with me, but went and confided to the captain (as he later reported) that I was to have a special milk shipped by plane and that I was to have it every morning for breakfast instead of coffee, which might keep me awake all day. Then she gave me a big kiss, gave nine sailors a glance which incapacitated them for 18 hours and left."

THAT was in 1937, when Hunt, who is a lean, bronzed, radiant 36 now, was ten years younger, but still a sizable lad who had been married almost six years.

Mama, who was Henrietta Guerard of Charleston, S. C., before she married the late Edward V. Hartford, has always concerned herself about Hunt.

In 1931, when he was attending Harvard, his mother was sued for $100,000 by a Boston girl who claimed she had been hired to be a big sister to Huntington and keep him out of the hands of scheming chorus girls. The suit was settled out of court for $10,000, but Hunt's guardian angel must have done a pretty fair job because about that time he became the secret bridegroom of Mary Lee Epling, daughter of a noted West Virginia surgeon, who was attending school in Boston.

Mary Lee was as smart as she was pretty, but a million a year was too big a hurdle to happiness. When they were divorced in 1939, she succeeded Joan Crawford as the wife of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

After Hunt graduated from Harvard in 1934, the obvious thing for him to do was to go into the A. & P. His grandfather had founded a merchandising gold mine, his two uncles had built it into the biggest and most efficient food distribution system in the world, his father was the founder of the automobile accessory business and had lived (until 1922) to see the Hartford friction-type shock absorber become stock equipment on most American automobiles. Business genius seemed to run in the family.

Grandpa had three sons and two daughters, each of whom (or their heirs) equally divide the huge A. & P. annual melon. Son George became the pursestrings of the corporation and is now board chairman. John became the sparkplug, conceived the idea of the "economy store," established 7,500 of them in 900 days all over the East, and is now president. Ed and the two sisters had let George and John brew the golden tea, but now Ed's boy was ready for induction into the mysteries of bringing in some $20,000,000 a year to the family trust.

If Hunt had started at the top, as his name might warrant, or at the bottom, as his uncles had, he might have gotten somewhere. Instead, he was put in the middle, in the statistical department, and the figures of ledgers were not the ones he was interested in. He quit in a year.

He had always been fond of the works of Joseph Conrad, the Polish-born writer-sailor, and one day, at Tebo Basin in Brooklyn, he saw a ship with that name. It was 110 feet long, the smallest frigate-rigged ship in the world. It had been a training ship for the Danish Navy and had been about to be scrapped when Alan Villiers, also a

writer-sailor, bought it and renamed it in 1934, shipped a crew of adventuresome youths, sailed it around the world and wrote a book about the voyage.

Hunt looked at it and dreamed.

"How grand it would be, I dreamed (he wrote), to bowl over the seas in the wake of such swaggering adventurers as Morgan and Red Legs, Blackbeard and Dampier; to ride my horse on deck, drink a health in gunpowder and salt water; to line up all my enemies and make them walk the plank; to maroon whichever of my crew I found obnoxious to me; to capture many an iron-studded casket full of dubloons and moidores and pieces of eight..."

SO, OF course, he bought it. But after Hunt's high-priced ship's architects had finished with the Joseph Conrad, its resemblance of a vehicle for sailormen was strictly external. The oil lamps had been replaced by electric lights, a heating and a cooling system disposed of the weather, a heavy-duty Diesel engine ($8,100) disposed of the wind, and there were five—count 'em—five bathrooms.

About the most exciting voyage the Joseph Conrad had after that was a race from Newport, R. I., to Bermuda, against the Seven Seas, a somewhat larger square-rigger owned by Walter Grubelman, another old salt from the night clubs. The wager was a dinner and motors were strictly barred.

Ten days out of Newport, after having been becalmed most of the way, the Conrad sighted Bermuda harbor, the Seven Seas and an on-coming storm, all at once. In the tumultuous last lap, the Conrad beat the Seas to the dock by half a minute.

Hunt took a trip to Hollywood and seriously considered putting some of his money into the movies, but eventually decided that it would require too heavy an investment.

Instead, he went to work as a reporter on PM, a newly founded New York newspaper in which he had a block of stock. He took the job rather seriously, since he had envisioned a writing career ever since he contributed such articles as "Horae Scholasticae" to the school paper at St. Paul's, his prep school in Concord, N. H.

His fellow workers didn't take Hunt too seriously, however, since he was summering at suburban Poundridge that year and rode to work in a limousine which had been fitted up so he could have an extra nap on his way to the office. The other reporters didn't mind that so much, but when Hunt's chauffeur helped him on with his shoes at the end of the journey they couldn't picture him as a reporter.

Hunt divides his time now between New York and Hollywood. In New York he lives in a penthouse atop River House, which not only has a beautiful view of East River but also a swimming pool and some tennis courts. Hunt, who has been both a squash and tennis champion in his day, can be found on the courts almost daily with opponents such as Frank Shields and Sidney Wood.

The Hartford business instinct is constantly bubbling up in Hunt, although so far it has produced little but indigestion. He has two projects on the fire now. One of them is a model agency in New York, which he hopes will compete with the big agencies. It will be managed by his friend, Bill Deering, formerly a talent executive with MGM.

THE other proposition is in Hollywood, where Hunt, just before the war, bought 150 acres on an 1,100-foot ridge just above the juncture of LaBrea and Hollywood boulevards, mighty close to the center of the movie colony. There is a big house there which used to be owned by the late John McCormack, the singer.

Hunt hopes to establish a country club on his acres, with no golf but plenty of riding, swimming and tennis. He envisioned a low, rambling clubhouse fitting into the background, and planned to call the club "The Outpost." But he commissioned Frank Lloyd Wright to draw the plans, and the result was so striking that he decided immediately he would have to find a less bucolic name. The only thing that's holding him back now is a zoning law which frowns on a non-residential use of such environs.

With his nautical experience to bolster him, Hunt was commissioned an ensign in the Navy on Feb. 12, 1942. For a while he served as aide to Rear Admiral "Iceberg" Smith on the Greenland Patrol, and then he was shipped to the opposite thermal extreme, the southwest Pacific. By this time he was a lieutenant, and he commanded two small freighters, the FS 170 and 179, which carried supplies for the Army. The 179 was in Manila soon after the invasion and was the first cargo ship through San Bernardino Straits.

Back at home, plentifully sprinkled with ribbons and medals, Hunt was discharged in January, 1946, and soon was causing the usual stir among sweet young things.

One gossip columnist didn't even wait for him to get back, but reported, while he was still in the Pacific, that George Huntington Hartford II had been seen the night before at New York's Stork Club with a slick storkling. Mama Hartford was very indignant and wrote a vehement letter which failed to produce a retraction.

The young ladies with whom the name of Hartford has been linked romantically at various times, correctly and incorrectly, may outnumber the cans of beans on any shelf in any A. & P., but at the time this was written he was interested in only one.

She is Peggy Cummins, a demure Irish starlet whom he met through his friends, Jeanne Crain and her husband, Paul Brinkman. The four of them are frequently together in Hollywood and Hunt thinks nothing of flying from New York to Los Angeles to spend an evening with her.

The things he dislikes the most are to be beaten at backgammon, and to be given a column of figures to add.

☆ ★ ☆ ★ ★ ★

Young Hartford, Who Hates to Lose at Backgammon, Had Hopes of Being a Newspaperman. Then Reporters Saw His Chauffeur Put on His Shoes and Figured He Wouldn't Make It. He Didn't.

Photograph by American Weekly Color Studio.

EVERYBODY'S BOOK

Ever Since Johann Gutenberg Printed the First Bible in Movable Type in 1450-56, It Is the One Book That Has Never Been Off the Press. From the Painting by E. Hillemacher.

FEW tools are so powerful as books for the molding of human hearts, the American Bible Society asserts, and it is not mere legislation but a multitude of human hearts that must achieve one orderly world out of present-day disorder.

With this thought in mind the Society presents the Bible as the universal instrument of harmony—"One Book for One World."

That phrase is their slogan for the Worldwide Bible Reading Program starting on Thanksgiving Day and continuing until Christmas with Sunday, December 14, designated as Universal Bible Sunday.

Why," they ask, "is the Bible the only book that has been translated, at least in part, into 1080 different languages? It is available in nine-tenths of the languages spoken anywhere in the world."

Would there be any point in translating Shakespeare, a book on etiquette or a popular novel like "Gone With the Wind," into so many tongues?

The Bible's universal appeal, the Society suggests, rests on the fact that it deals with human problems. It answers such basic questions, they point out, as:

"Where did I come from and where am I going?"—"How shall I handle trouble?"—"How can I get along with my fellow man?"—"How can I be saved from the consequences of wrongdoing?"—"Why, when I know the right, do I do the wrong?"

"Why do the innocent suffer?"

The Bible—a library of 66 books contains well-told stories that can be read for pure enjoyment; it contains much information whereby the reader can increase the total fund of his knowledge.

It contains many passages of inspiration and pure beauty.

It has been one book that never has been off the press since Johann Gutenberg of Mainz, Germany, put out the first printed edition in 1450-56.

One of the most universal ways in which the Bible serves men and women is in time of sorrow; when one is anxious or afraid.

Yet, the American Bible Society assures us, the Scriptures are not primarily a shelf of medicines.

They furnish daily food for daily needs of all the people.

A recent survey showed that one family in five in the United States reads the Bible daily. Yet, the Society declares many people, among them professing Christians and church members, do not know how to read this book to get the most benefit from it.

One young woman is quoted as saying "I never read the Bible except when I am looking up a passage about which I have an argument with someone."

A young man admits that though his mother who is now dead urged him to read the Bible he keeps it, untouched, in a bureau drawer.

"I honestly tried to read it," he says, "but I couldn't make anything of it."

Here, however, is a business man who says, "Sometimes after waking in the morning I am almost appalled by the thought of all the duties and appointments that await me in the next eight or 10 hours. Then I repeat to myself these texts of the Bible:

"'In quietness and confidence shall be my strength.' 'Thou wilt keep me in perfect peace, for my mind is stayed on Thee.'"

In their current Bible reading program, the American Bible Society suggests:

"Read quietly and slowly. Not snapshots but time exposure should be the rule.

"Read alertly and thoughtfully. Imagine the scenes.

"Search for the personal message each day's message has for you.

"Your inner response to God's message is vital. When He condemns, bow penitently; when He offers help, place your hope on that assurance; when He commands, obey.

"Underline passages which strike fire. Copy them and repeat them aloud.

"Memorize one key verse daily.

"Set aside and keep a definite daily time for reading.

"Make it a habit; enter the New Year as a daily reader of the Bible."

In its efforts to make the Bible the one book for one world, the American Bible Society reports that during the past year supplies of Scriptures reaching Germany have disappeared "like a drop of water on a hot stove."

"In a little village near Tokyo," they relate, "about one thousand non-Christian young people bought Bibles and have organized themselves into study groups. They have secured teachers to teach them the Bible twice a week and are paying three yen a month tuition."

Although this book never is off the press, it is the one that most often is out of stock.

Suggested Daily Bible Readings

Thanksgiving, Nov. 27		
	Psalm 145	"One God"
Fri.	Psalm 103	"One Blessing"
Sat.	John 3: 1-21	"One Birth"
Sunday, Nov. 30		
	John 1: 1-18	"One Word"
Mon.	Matt. 5: 1-16	"One Discipleship"
Tues.	Matt. 6: 19-34	"One Treasure"
Wed.	Psalm 90	"One Dwelling"
Thurs.	John 14: 1-21	"One Comforter"
Fri.	James 1	"One Wisdom"
Sat.	Philip. 2: 1-18	"One Mind"
Sunday, Dec. 7		
	John 15: 1-17	"One Vine"
Mon.	Psalms 91; 121	"One Keeper"
Tues.	John 17: 1-26	"One Prayer"
Wed.	I Cor. 13	"One Love"
Thurs.	Luke 15: 1-10;	
	Rom. 1:16, 17	"One Purpose"
Fri.	Luke 15: 11-32	"One Redemption"
Sat.	Acts 17: 18-31	"One Family"
Universal Bible Sunday, Dec. 14		
	Psalm 119: 1-15, v. 89, w. 105	"One Book"
Mon.	Psalm 67	"One People"
Tues.	John 6: 5-30	"One Truth"
Wed.	Psalm 19	"One World"
Thurs.	Deut. 5: 6-27	"One Law"
Fri.	II Tim. 3: 13-4: 8	"One Crown"
Sat	Rev. 21: 1-7	"One Heaven"
Sunday, Dec. 21		
	Isa. 53; Matt. 11: 28-30	"One Burden-Bearer"
Mon.	Luke 1: 26-38	"One Son"
Tues.	Luke 1: 39-56	"One Song"
Wed.	Luke 1: 57-80	"One Prophecy"
Christmas, Dec. 25		
	Isa. 40: 1-5; Luke 2: 1-20, 40.	"One Saviour"

FRED ASTAIRE, interviewed at his New York Dance Studio. Other Fred Astaire Studios to be opened soon in key cities.

Del Monte Reporter: "What makes a good dancer, Mr. Astaire?"

Fred Astaire: "More than one thing, certainly. It takes many special qualities, skillfully combined."

"A dancer must start with a natural sense of rhythm. And develop the particular skills for balance, posture and timing. Then work on the talent for individual style and expression.

"Master each one. Put 'em all together—and you'll see that it's a combination of many special qualities that makes a popular dancer."

...and that holds for good coffee, Mr. Astaire—

7 great coffees make Del Monte's fuller flavor.

That's a lot of coffees to make one blend. But look at it this way. Our aim is to give you *complete* coffee enjoyment—an all-round better cup of coffee.

Ordinary blends of just three or four coffees can't deliver the rich satisfying flavor you find in Del Monte.

Flavor like that calls for *seven of the world's finest coffees*—blended with care, roasted to perfection. Ground fresh, and packed fresh.

We search the world, looking for just the coffees that provide the particular characteristics of flavor we want.

Blend these special qualities together and you've got the *richer, deep-down flavor* of Del Monte Coffee.

Next time you buy coffee, ask for Del Monte. Make a cup. Taste the hearty real-coffee flavor folks praise so much. Yes, you'll be delighted to find a coffee that's so satisfying, so full of flavor. Try Del Monte Coffee.

Del Monte Coffee

Seven great coffees in one

Lively Ghost

EVERY reader understands that in this day of the atom bomb and mass travel by air and auto, the transition from going citizen to ghost can be made with appalling suddenness.

Over in France, however, a returned soldier named Claude Laurent is trying to reverse the usual transformation — and has discovered that it's a long, hard job for a Frenchman listed as dead to get back his place in the land of the living.

Despite His Pleading, the "Dead" Man's Wife Wouldn't Recognize Him.

Laurent, now 34, came back from a Polish prison camp the other day, sick and nearly starved.

"I was called to the colors in 1939, captured in 1940, and haven't heard from my wife since," he told guards at the French border. "I want to get home."

The guards nodded sympathetically, but said he must go first to Paris and be demobilized.

"After seven years, another day or two won't be much," their chief said kindly.

It was another story when Laurent reached Paris. A War Department functionary checked the lists and gazed at the veteran with a cold eye.

"According to our records," he announced, "Pvt Claude Laurent of Roanne was killed in action. We can't demobilize a dead man."

And when Laurent finally arrived at his home town, his wife, who had been happily receiving a widow's pension, refused to see him.

"My husband is dead," she said coldly. "If the government doesn't recognize that he's alive, why should I?"

Fortunately his parents had survived and were glad to greet their son as a living man, not an unwelcome ghost.

Laurent, at last report, was assembling documents to prove to the Army that he's alive. He has no hope that this maneuver will win back the love of a mercenary wife. But it will, he trusts, at least bring removal of his name from the list of dead on Roanne's war memorial.

For a "ghost," he gets strangely red in the face every time he walks past that statue and casts his angry eyes upon the inscription:

"Died in action against the enemy—Claude Laurent."

Pictured in this Sinclair Opaline magic act are
JOAN LESLIE AND JACK OAKIE
starring in Eagle Lion Films'
"NORTHWEST STAMPEDE"

LIKE MAGIC

Premium Sinclair Oil gives your car more power

It's magic when movie stars materialize on a crystal ball. It's the magic of petroleum chemistry when *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil actually gives your car more power.

Premium Opaline gives your car more power because special chemicals are blended into this modern motor oil at the refinery. These chemicals clean carbon, sludge and other power-stealing deposits from cylinders, rings and pistons. *Premium* Opaline cleans as it lubricates.

Get more power from your car. Save on gasoline and oil. Ask for *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil where you see the Sinclair H-C Gasoline sign.

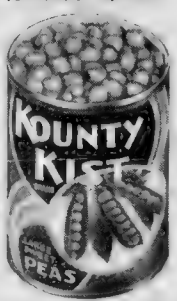
PREMIUM
SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Keeps your motor clean as a whistle

KOUNTY KIST PEAS
BRAND

SWEET AS A KISS—

...HONEST AS MOTHER EARTH

Great Value in good eating!



Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota

Dry Skin
may mean
aging
lines

new
Woodbury Special
Dry Skin Cream

- discourages tiny dry-skin lines
- gives a fresher, younger look
- softens weather-dried skin

CAREFUL! Weather-dried skin looks so dry, flaky... and that dryness may deepen old-looking lines.

Here's a cream with proven powers to combat dryness. Rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits—plus four more special skin softeners to smooth dry skin. Apply overnight, or for just 15 daytime minutes. Send today for free sample.

FREE SAMPLE... See beautifying results

[illegible] FREE sample of Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream, and see its softening action on skin. (Print name, address [illegible] postpaid on penny postcard.)
Mail to Box [illegible], Cincinnati 14, O. 440

Name [illegible]
Street [illegible]
City [illegible] State [illegible]
(Offer good in U.S.A. only)

Queen of the Trappers

THE midnight silence of the Maine forest was broken only by the soft footsteps of two shadowy figures—a man and a young woman—moving cautiously among the tall pines. Suddenly the woman halted, and raised her hand.

"I hear one," she whispered. "Quick, the light!"

The man flicked his powerful flashlight. The woman's eyes followed its beam upward, while she gripped the battered tin washtub she carried.

With a Deft Toss, Mrs. Kimball Hurled the Washtub at the Porcupine Which Her Husband Had Flushed From the Tree.

Huddled against a tree trunk, far above ground, a vicious looking porcupine was trapped in the light. Without a word, the man began to scale the tree. On the ground, the woman waited with the washtub. Suddenly, in a frantic scramble for freedom, the porcupine darted down the trunk and scurried across the ground.

"Get him, Fran!"

The woman was ready. With a horseshoe toss, she flung the tin washtub through the air, upside down. It landed with deceptive ease atop the fleeing porcupine. Quickly she ran to it and held it down, pinning the animal underneath still alive.

The man, wiping perspiration from his brow, came running up with the light. "Nice toss, Honey," he grinned. "You never miss, do you?"

"Not when it means money in the bank," she smiled.

Adventures like that are all in the night's work for Mrs. Frances Kimball, of Albany Township, Me., and her husband, Ike. Pretty Mrs. Kimball, only 27 and mother of a three-year-old son, has built up such a profitable business catching live porcupines that she's known throughout the region as "Queen of the Trappers." Her checks for the 20-pound animals with the flesh-wounding quills come from faraway Texas and California as well as New York and Boston.

She got her start in "porkies for pay" as a young girl, and remembers many a party dress bought from 25-cent bounties paid at that time by the State of Maine for dead porcupines. In recent years, the state has dropped the bounty, but Mrs. Kimball has discovered that live porcupines, in great demand at zoos, fairs and special displays, are worth more than skins.

Hunting porcupines is a dangerous, exciting job. While a porcupine cannot actually throw his quills, as so many people believe, he can slap his barbed tail up and down in a flash, causing the quills to leave his body and jab anything within reach. Sharply barbed, they can't be pulled, and must be cut out. Once, when a porcupine slapped Mrs. Kimball on the foot with his tail, she was out of action for two weeks.

Her husband has been a porcupine hunter since before they were married, and their son Gene shows signs of following in the parental footsteps. Despite his tender years, Gene often accompanies the Kimballs on their forays. Though his parents are always afraid he will wind up with a skinful of quills, Gene has thus far escaped unscathed. So they don't discourage his enthusiasm.

"Besides," chuckles Mrs. Kimball, "he thinks it's great sport."

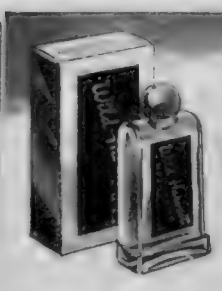
Branding Reckless Drivers

IN ye olde days, authorities dealt sternly with lawbreakers by clamping them in a public pillory or branding them for life with a hot iron.

Los Angeles made a token bow toward these sterner times the other day by starting a new kind of branding—for traffic violators.

Fed up with the way motorists were nonchalantly stepping forward to pay fines for reckless driving, speeding, passing red lights, etc., a traffic judge inaugurated a new kind of punishment. He gave ticketed drivers their choice of serving five days in jail, or being "branded" by having a big black-and-yellow sign saying "TRAFFIC VIOLATOR" stuck prominently on their windshields for one month.

The Los Angeles branding method isn't as painful, of course, as the one followed in the early days, but nevertheless many of the court's "victims" feel pretty sensitive about proclaiming their guilt to the world. Drivers, police report, are proceeding with considerably more care.



The NEWEST perfume
and the most thrilling!
Wild Harvest
by Park & Tilford

• • • • you will adore "Wild Harvest"... the new and exciting Park & Tilford creation. It's a daring perfume ... truly the perfume of youth! You will find "Wild Harvest" whereever fine perfumes are sold. 39¢ for an exquisite, purse-size flacon.

Be Bright! Feel Right TAKE ENO

From now on, forget those "morning-after" blues! Simply take world-known Eno at bedtime and you'll *quickly* help neutralize excess stomach acid; ease upset "full feeling" overnight! *When you wake*, take Eno as a *speedy*, gentle laxative. Caution: use only as directed. Used successfully by millions—so buy good tasting Eno at your druggist *today!*

EFFECTIVE DOUBLE ACTION!

1. ANTACID—relieves sour stomach, gas and heartburn promptly.
2. LAXATIVE—quickly relieves temporary sluggishness. Take before breakfast, when needed.

TASTES GOOD!

BAD SKIN?
Try This 10 DAY TEST

If externally-caused pimples, eczema, or other minor skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, try this 10-Day Test. Apply clean, pleasant-scented MERCIREX (*mercy-rex*) Ointment every day according to directions in package. Mercirex is medicated with SIX active ingredients that help soothe itching, smarting pimples and bumps, help correct dryness, prevent local infection. Flesh-tinted, stainless. Can be used any time. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days. Ointment, 60¢. Mercirex Soap, 25¢. Mercirex Shampoo, 50¢. At druggists.

MERCIREX FOR THE SKIN
OINTMENT • SOAP • SHAMPOO

When ordinary headache, upset stomach, jumpy nerves strike at once, take Bromo-Seltzer. Effervesces with split-second action ... ready to go to work at once. Caution: Use only as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore fountain or counter today. A product of Emerson Drug Co. Since 1887.

THANKS TO FAMOUS BROMO-SELTZER

CHEST COLD?
...that's a job for "Comfy" and "Minty"
the MENTHOLATUM TWINS

Quick MENTHOLATUM

• Mother, when coughing spasms wrack child's body and leave his chest muscles so sore it hurts him to breathe—quick! call "Comfy" and "Minty" to the rescue. Comforting Camphor and minty Menthol, famous Mentholatum ingredients, are gentle to a child's delicate normal skin—but they work fast to help loosen congestion, ease soreness, lessen coughing. Get Mentholatum *today!*

ALSO RELIEVES HEAD-COLD STUFFINESS, NASAL IRRITATION AND CHAPPING

DILLINGER

John Dillinger's Criminal Career Started in 1924 When He and a Friend Slugged a Grocer, Ended 10 Years Later When He Went to the Movies With the Woman in Red.

It is not so many years since all this happened, yet, such is the fleeting nature of criminal fame, there are undoubtedly millions of Americans who have only the vaguest notion of the man or the events.

As for the woman in red, recently deceased in a Romanian village far removed from bustling Lincoln ave., Chicago, practically no one knows the true story of the part she played in the drama in which Dillinger starred so violently.

John Dillinger was born on June 22, 1904, in Brightwood, Ind., adjacent to Indianapolis. His father, John Sr., ran a small grocery store; he had been a hard-working truck driver at the time he married Mary E. Lancaster, daughter of a blacksmith, in 1887. There was another

By Peter Levins

THE Woman in Red, who led John Dillinger into a federal trap in Chicago 13 years ago, died last Friday in a quiet town in southwestern Romania.—News item.

One sultry evening in July, 1934, a woman in a North Side Chicago movie theatre casually lifted her right hand to her head.

It was a completely normal gesture. The picture had just ended. The lights had gone on. Women almost by instinct pat their hair when the lights go on and they are again possible objects of observation.

But this gesture had nothing to do with feminine vanity.

This was a signal.

Here, in the Biograph Theatre on Lincoln Ave., an incredible real-life drama had reached its climax. Here was a scene which, if portrayed on the screen, would have been accompanied by background music appropriate to a moment of deadly danger and almost unbearable suspense.

But there was no music now.

The crowds outside the theatre heard only the usual neighborhood noises of auto horns, traffic cops' whistles, blaring radios, the idle chatter and shouts and laughter of their fellow humans.

They did not notice the grim-faced, alert-eyed men scattered in and about the Biograph. They gave no heed to the man in the lobby, the one stationed at the curb, the one in the vestibule across the street.

They had no reason to notice that the man in the vestibule, gaze fixed upon the man at the curb, held an unlighted cigar in his hand.

All these men were watching the theatre because inside it, they knew, sat the most dangerous man in America, the fabulous John Dillinger, Public Enemy No. 1, ruthless killer, master of escape, leader of the most murderous band of outlaws ever assembled in this country.

Shirt-sleeved, he sat with two women, one young, the other much older. The latter was wearing a dress of heavy satin, with long full sleeves—an odd costume for such a warm evening. Its color was bright red, and it was visible from the rear of the house even when the lights were dimmed.

The picture, "Manhattan Melodrama" drew to a close.

The woman in red raised her arm.

• • •

While the coatless, straw-hatted desperado strolls up the aisle, it is pertinent to ask:

Who was John Dillinger, and what did he do?

and the Woman in Red

child, Audrey, 15 years older than John.

After John's birth, the mother's health failed; she was never again strong enough to help her husband in the store. She died shortly after his fourth birthday, and her husband remarried.

JOHN quit school at 14, held various jobs, bought a small roadster. When he began to stay away from home all night, his father, a God-fearing Quaker, sold the grocery store and bought a 60-acre farm at Mooresville, about 25 miles southwest of Indianapolis.

The boy, now 16, seemed enthusiastic at first, but farm work soon palled. More and more he began to frequent the poolroom in town. There he associated with lads his own age or older, some of whom gloried in being blase and tough.

In 1923, he met a girl, whose name was never made public, and fell desperately in love with her. But she belonged to one of the leading families of Mooresville, and they very definitely did not approve of this pool-shooting farm youth. They told him in so many words to keep away from their daughter.

It was apparently because of this rebuff that John quit home without a word to anyone, journeyed to Indianapolis and joined the U. S. Navy. That was on July 23, 1923.

He was sent east at once, and soon was on the high seas aboard the battleship Utah.

In the Navy, he proved neither docile nor pliable. He could not adjust himself to the strict discipline. And the more he was punished, the more incorrigible he became.

Five months after joining, while the ship was in Boston harbor, he obtained a leave and deserted.

Virtually penniless, he made his way back to the farm—and the poolroom.

In the spring of 1924, he played a lot of ball with the Mooresville team. During a game at Martinsdale, 10 miles from Mooresville, his eye fell on Beryl Hovis, pretty 16-year-old high school student. He met her after the game—and married her three weeks later on April 12.

Illustrated by JULES GOTLIEB

The newlyweds went to live at the Dillinger home. John still made no efforts to obtain a job, but occasionally he helped his hard working dad. Presently he was back in the poolroom, while his bride remained at home to weep over the realities of a too-sudden marriage.

But if John had been unwise to marry prematurely, the next major thing he did could only be described as the acme of folly.

It happened on the evening of Sept. 5, 1924. He and Ed Singleton, a poolroom pal recently released from the state prison, had some drinks, mourned the fact that they were both broke, and decided to do something about it.

They found a large iron bolt—an effective bludgeon—and staggered forth. They lay in wait behind the Mooresville Christian Church until Frank Morgan, prosperous 65-year-old local grocer hove into view.

They reeled up behind him, all sense of caution dulled by bootleg hooch, and slugged him with the iron bolt. Morgan dropped to the ground, and they prepared to grab his wallet, in which reposed the day's receipts.

But neighbors came running. They had to flee without getting a cent.

Grocer Morgan, who was in bed for two days with head wounds which required 11 stitches, said he had plainly recognized his assailants—they had been Ed Singleton and Johnny Dillinger.

Within a few hours, the two were in custody.

"Are you guilty of this crime?" John, Sr., asked his son at the jail.

The young man nodded.

"Then you have committed a great sin," said the righteous father. "You must plead guilty as a man and pay the penalty."

John pleaded guilty to charges of assault and battery and attempted robbery. Possibly he expected leniency because of this plea. He might have hoped for a suspended sentence. Instead—

On Sept. 22, Circuit Judge Williams of Morgan county sentenced him to the state reformatory at Pendleton. It might be said that Judge Williams threw the book at him, for he gave him two concurrent terms of 10 to 21 years and two to 14, in addition to a fine of $100.

Ed Singleton pleaded not guilty, hired an attorney, and on Oct. 14, after 20 minutes' deliberation, a jury returned a verdict which ruled that he had been guilty of "complicity." Singleton got two to 14 years and served the minimum.

AS IN the Navy, Dillinger gave much trouble at Pendleton. He became the complete antithesis of a model prisoner, with the eventual result that on July 15, 1929, he was transferred to the state prison at Michigan City. That same year his wife divorced him.

In the state prison, he met four long-termers who were to play feature roles in the future Dillinger drama: Harry Pierpont, John Hamilton, Charles Makley and Russell Clark. He learned a lot from them at Michigan City.

In the spring of 1933, John Dillinger, Sr., drew up a petition asking his son's release on parole. He journeyed all over Morgan County gathering signatures. He got the signature of the prosecutor in the Grocer Morgan case; he even got Grocer Morgan's signature!

Result—on May 22, 1933, yellow slate-eyed Johnny was freed on parole by Gov. Paul V. McNutt, "upon condition that he remain under the jurisdiction of the proper officials of the Indiana reformatory."

John returned to the farm at Mooresville. On the first Sunday after his release, he walked arm-in-arm with his father down the center aisle of the little country church. Other members of the congregation bowed their heads in thanksgiving. A lost lamb had returned to the fold.

But one day in July he vanished.

As events soon proved, confinement at Pendleton and Michigan City had not reformed this young man at all. Quite the opposite.

But one could hardly say that he did not, at this juncture, have an immediate aim in life. He did. He planned to (1) acquire a lot of money fast; (2) purchase a small arsenal of guns and ammunition; (3) get this stuff to his friends in Michigan City.

They would know what to do with it.

So far as is known, his first job, after his release, occurred on July 17, 1933, when he entered a bank at Dalesville, Ind., cowed a woman cashier with a tommy gun, and got away with $3,500 cash.

In rapid succession, during the next three months, he and various associates rifled banks in New Carlile, Ind.; Montpelier, Ind.; Farrell, Pa.; Bluffton, Ohio, and Indianapolis. No lives were lost, and the loot came to about $100,000.

The last of this particular series of robberies came on Sept. 19. That was the day he and two companions stuck up an Indianapolis bank and made off with $28,000. Three days later he was caught. Five detectives pounced on him in a Dayton, Ohio, rooming house. They surrounded the place at 1 a. m., Sept. 22, and grabbed him while he was in bed. His effects included five guns, ammunition, maps showing escape routes from various towns, and $2,604 in cash.

Dillinger was first placed in the jail at Dayton, but the authorities decided that place might prove vulnerable, so he was transferred to the supposedly impregnable jail at Lima.

Four days after Dillinger's capture, there was quite a bit of excitement at Michigan City.

Events got under way when Harry Pierpont and Russell Clark went to the superintendent of the prison shirt factory and informed him that one of the guards wanted to see him. Not suspecting any sort of plot, this man accepted the message and did as was suggested to him.

ARRIVING in the basement, he was seized by eight convicts, all armed. A moment later an assistant warden, who happened to walk in, was also collared. Then 10 convicts, including Pierpont, Clark, Makley and Hamilton, unhurriedly marched through the gates of the prison, using their captives as shields.

Other guards could see nothing suspicious about this activity. The factory head and the assistant warden were walking naturally, hands to their sides, and the convicts had their guns concealed in bundles.

One of the gatemen was knocked down, and another official was beaten when he refused to open an arsenal of machine guns for them in the administration building. They shot and wounded a guard who failed to obey orders.

Once outside the prison, they divided into two groups. One group kidnaped Sheriff Charles Neel and forced him to drive them in his car. The other group stopped a car on the highway, ejected the driver, and sped away.

"I stick to my friends and they stick to me," Dillinger remarked later.

Sixteen days after the Michigan City break, on Oct. 12, three neatly dressed men entered the office of Sheriff Jesse L. Sarber in the Allen county jail at Lima.

Sheriff Sarber sat at his desk, working over some records. His wife, Lucy, and a deputy, Thomas L. Sharpe, sat at desks near by.

The visitors walked toward Sarber and waited until he looked up from his work.

"Sheriff, we're from Michigan City," said one of them. "We've come to take that Dillinger guy back to the prison."

Sarber scrutinized them. "Let me see your credentials," he said, as a matter of routine.

The man who had spoken put his hand in his pocket. Then, removing it slowly, he replied: "Here are my credentials."

Sarber blinked. A revolver was pointed at him.

A shot rang out, and the sheriff slumped in his chair, a bullet through the abdomen. His wife and deputy sat transfixed with horror.

"Take us to the cells!" came the order.

Menaced by three guns, they had to obey. Mrs. Sarber and Sharpe walked ahead, the visitors followed. As they passed the wounded sheriff, one smashed him over the head with the butt of his gun. The body slipped to the floor.

"Quit your stalling!" Sharpe was told when he fumbled with the key.

They entered the bull-pen. There a dozen prisoners, aroused by the shot, were huddled together like frightened cattle.

"Come on, John!"

Dillinger stepped out of the group. He recognized Pierpont, Makley and Clark.

He joined them.

They slammed the door of the bull-pen, having locked Mrs. Sarber and Sharpe in with the prisoners, and returned the way they had come.

They walked by Sarber, now breathing his last. They passed through the open door, climbed into a waiting car, and drove off.

This jail delivery and murder has no counterpart in history. Nor has the man-hunt that now got under way.

(Continued next week)

UNION PACIFIC

THE ROMANTIC CHARM OF *California*

When visiting the Golden State, don't miss seeing the time-mellowed Spanish Missions. You'll be intrigued by their romantic histories . . . find them to be a charming contrast to other attractions such as the sandy beaches, picturesque golf courses, quaint foreign sections and colorful, cosmopolitan night life. A world of beauty and enjoyment awaits you in California.

Go there in restful comfort—by train. Union Pacific's *daily* Streamliners provide spacious, smartly appointed accommodations. Also other fine trains to meet your requirements. Write for free California booklet, beautifully illustrated. Address Room 122, Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

ROAD OF THE DAILY *Streamliners*

Now surely, a woman of your intelligence!

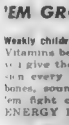
It's a pleasure to explain Tampax to someone with an open mind about new methods

Of course you know about Tampax "in a way," but have you really paid attention to this modern form of monthly protection? Have you read the simple directions in the package? Are you in a position to tell your friends about its advantages—its tiny, dainty size, its conforming shape, the freedom it gives a woman? For Tampax is worn *internally* and requires no belts, pins or external pads. It can cause no odor, no chafing . . . Perfected by a doctor, it is made of pure absorbent cotton contained in slim patented applicators for easy insertion. Your hands needn't even touch the Tampax! *Unbelievably different*, it may be worn in tub or shower or in swimming—and a month's supply will slip into your purse. Join the army of users and buy Tampax at drug or notion counter. *Three* different absorbency-sizes for full-time use! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

When children are puny...

SCOTT'S EMULSION HELPS 'EM GROW STRONG

Weekly children who need more natural A&D Vitamins begin to grow and develop when we give them good-tasting Scott's Emulsion every day. It helps promote strong bones, sound teeth, a husky body—helps 'em fight off colds! Scott's is a HIGH ENERGY FOOD TONIC—a "gold mine" of *natural* A&D Vitamins and energy-building natural oil. TASTES GOOD—THEY LOVE IT! Economical! Buy today at your drug store.



MORE than just a tonic—it's powerful nourishment!

SCOTT'S EMULSION
HIGH ENERGY TONIC

WAR SURPLUS

NYLON THREAD

Amazing Strong Thread used to sew Parachutes

GIANT SPOOL

only $1.49

BLACK or WHITE
APPROX 4800 YDS.

NOW AVAILABLE *For Home Use...*

This genuine Du Pont Nylon thread is practically unbreakable. Perfect for sewing buttons on tight, mending children's and work clothing, linens and tatting. Perfect for crocheting. Used by Air Force on parachutes because of its amazing strength and dependability. Here is your chance to get a giant spool of 4800 feet, almost a mile of Nylon thread at the sensational low war surplus close out price of only $1.49. Ideal for hand or sewing machine.

SEND NO MONEY, TEST AT OUR RISK

Just send your name and address. Specify white or black or two giant spools for only $2.89 (on arrival, deposit only $1.49 per spool; $2.89 for two spools) plus C.O.D. postage on our guarantee if you are not delighted, you can return in 10 days and your money back. Cash with order, we pay postage. Only limited amount available. Write Today.

LEEWARD PRODUCTS
Dept. 129P, 189 W. Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.

Doris Denison's Article, "Easy-to-Make Christmas Toys," in This Issue Tells You How to Make and Sew Many Clever Little Gifts.

Listens for a Living

BRITONS are noted for their uncomplaining cheerfulness, but little of this national trait was in evidence on the faces of the group gathered the other day in the waiting room of a smart London office.

One was an ex-major with graying hair. During the war he had led a tank unit with conspicuous gallantry, but now the humdrum peacetime world had him buffaloed. For a man of his years, he feared, life held no prospect of the excitement and independence he'd grown to like.

But his problems, he suspected, were small compared to those of others in the room. In a corner seat, a young woman tried to hide her tear-stained eyes behind a magazine. An elderly man, his leg encased in a steel-and-leather brace, stared glumly at the floor and aimlessly twirled his walking stick. A tired, middle-aged woman fingered a worn ration book and bleakly surveyed her half-empty market basket.

The door to the inner office opened, and a tall, smart woman appeared. She was Miss Cecilia Wolseley, originator of London's newest and oddest profession—"trouble listening."

FIRST the crippled man, then the shop-weary woman, disappeared behind Miss Wolseley into the office. In each instance, they emerged within a few minutes, with smiling faces, new spring in their steps, and new hope in their eyes. The ex-major stared unbelievingly as they went out. He was still skeptical when Miss Wolseley nodded to the weeping young woman, and ushered her inside.

"If she succeeds in that case," he growled to himself, "I'll know she's good."

Half an hour later the "patient" emerged—but so changed he hardly recognized her. Fresh powder hid the shine on her nose, and all traces of tears were gone.

Vastly puzzled, the veteran took a seat opposite Miss Wolseley.

"I hate to be nosy," he said. "But just what did you tell her?"

Miss Wolseley smiled. "I didn't tell her anything. I merely listened to her.

"Thousands of people build big troubles out of little ones, simply by keeping them to themselves. I give them a chance to get their troubles off their chests. In most cases, they talk themselves into their own solution. It isn't often I have to add my advice.

"THAT young woman, for instance. She just had a tiff with her husband. By the time she finished telling me about it, she was able to see how foolish it was, and decided to make the first move at reconciliation. It was all her own idea."

"A friend told me you were smart," the ex-major chuckled. "She said you were so naturally sympathetic that people couldn't help unburdening troubles to you, even perfect strangers on buses and trains. She said that's why you finally opened this office, and that you charge $1 an hour and $5 if the problem is solved."

Miss Wolseley nodded.

"Well," said the man, reaching for his wallet. "I'm paying the full price. While I was listening to you, I found my own answer. I'm going to the colonies — Africa, perhaps — where there are still frontiers.

"It's been in the back of my mind for some time, but coming here today helped me decide. Thanks, Miss Wolseley."

So Many Strangers Were Telling Their Troubles to Miss Wolseley That She Decided to Make a Business of It.

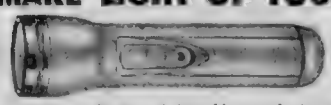
Folklore—Made in U.S.A.

FAIRY tales and folklore develop slowly through the centuries, and America is a young country. Some of our legends, however, can already take their place alongside the best that the old world has produced.

Fabulous Paul Bunyan, rambunctious Pecos Bill and kindly, religious Johnny Appleseed are a colorful part of our national heritage. Don't miss John Erskine's "Folklore—Made in U.S.A." with Walt Disney color illustrations, in next week's issue of The American Weekly.

EDDY DUCHIN'S first wife, Marjorie, died in 1937. Yet the famous pianist and orchestra leader, still young and popular, took 10 years to find the "right girl" to take her place. When he finally met Maria Teresa "Chiquita" Winn, both Eddy and his young son Peter knew she was the one they'd waited for. "The Right Girl for Eddy Duchin" makes an absorbing love story in next week's magazine.

MAKE LIGHT OF YOUR DARK MOMENTS
WITH
WINCHESTER HI-POWER
Solid Brass or Copper Flashlights



$1.35 COMPLETE — *A thing of beauty and a joy to use. Solid brass case. First Focus. Spotlite. In three handsome finishes*

THEY'RE ALL *BEAUTIES!* 7 new post-war models in an attractive selection of styles, sizes and colors . . . all streamlined and handy to use.

THEY'RE ALL *BARGAINS!* Note this appealing price range . . . only 59¢, 79¢, 98¢, $1.15, $1.35 and $1.50 *complete* with Winchester HI-POWER batteries.

THEY'RE ALL *SOLID BRASS OR COPPER!* And that's your assurance of top quality and long service.

See your dealer's display of Winchester flashlights and batteries today . . . you'll need them tonight. Have one handy in the house, around the car, wherever you may be.

59¢ — For vest pocket or purse. 1 cell. Chrome-plated brass with ruby red translucent head. Stays on or flashes.

$1.50 — Solid Brass, sparkling with chrome-plate. 2-cell First-Focus spotlight. Ring-hanger. Ruby red translucent head.

Insist on dated fresh Winchester HI-POWER batteries for flashlights or any equipment using standard size flashlight batteries. Powerful, long-lasting. Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., Division of Olin Industries, Inc.

WINCHESTER
TRADE-MARK
FLASHLIGHTS and BATTERIES

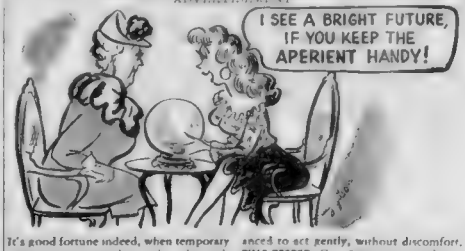
Keep Your Beauty

Beautiful Hair — Beautiful Skin — Beautiful Figure! Well, Keep Yourself That Way. Reprints of The American Weekly Articles Which Tell You How to Help Keep Your Beauty Are Available. See the List in This Issue That Tells You

BACKACHE?

- Do you know the *proved* way to relieve the stabbing, nagging pains of muscular backache?
- Doctors have made tests with hundreds of people. Found that nearly 9 out of 10 gained relief with Johnson's BACK PLASTER—the one product made specifically for relieving ordinary backache.
- *What it is:* This adhesive plaster contains a mild medication that stirs up circulation.
- *How it helps you:* The plaster brings the healing and warming blood to the sore spot. Tense muscles relax and the pain eases. The warming pad guards against chilling, supports twitching muscles, cuts down those jabs of pain.
- Made by Johnson & Johnson—known for fine surgical dressings for 60 years. Keep several Johnson's BACK PLASTERS on hand and save days of agony. At all drug stores.

ADVERTISEMENT



It's good fortune indeed, when temporary constipation causes that pepless, dragged down feeling, to find quick relief with the world-famous *aperient*—refreshing, gently laxative **KRUSCHEN**

A unique blend of saline minerals which are also found in the natural waters of many famous medicinal springs, Kruschen offers these advantages:

EASY TO TAKE—Dissolves quickly in water. Makes a refreshing saline drink.
WORKS FAST—Usually within an hour. Does not spoil your day.
GENTLE ACTION—Its formula is balanced to act gently, without discomfort.
TIME-TESTED—Over 300,000,000 packages sold throughout the world.

When nature needs help, try Kruschen. See why so many rely on it for sure-yet-gentle relief. 35c to 85c at your druggist. Now in TWO FORMS: New, pleasant-tasting Effervescent Kruschen, and the original Kruschen Salts. Simple directions on every package. Caution: Use only as directed.

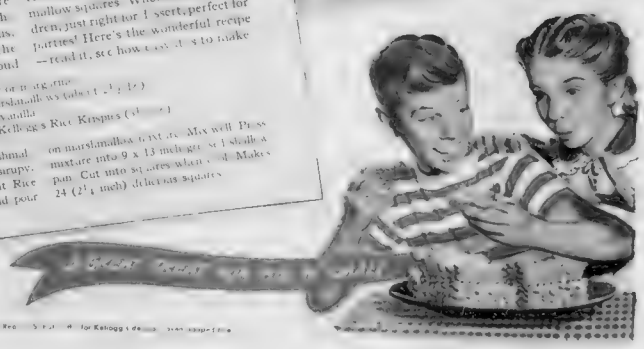
RICE KRISPIES MARSHMALLOW SQUARES...delicious!

Here's all you need to make 'em!

Want to get on the good graces of your family? Want the kids to adore you? Then make this golden, mouth watering treat for them! Delicious, oven-popp'! Rice Krispies—the same crisp cereal that does you proud at breakfast time—goes into these crunchy, light as a feather marshmallow squares. Wholesome for children, just right for dessert, perfect for parties! Here's the wonderful recipe—read it, see how easy it is to make

[illegible] tablespoons margarine
1 pound marshmallows (about 4 cups)
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 package Kellogg's Rice Krispies (4 cups)

Cook butter or margarine and marshmallows over low heat until thick and syrupy. Add vanilla, beat thoroughly. Put Rice Krispies in greased large bowl and pour on marshmallow mixture. Mix well. Press mixture into 9 x 13 inch greased shallow pan. Cut into squares when cool. Makes 24 (2¼ inch) delicious squares.



KRISPIES a trade-mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. for Kellogg's [illegible]

UNHARMED BY LIQUIDS!

Prove for yourself that Devoe 87 Spar is the finest all-purpose varnish you ever used! Learn how it stands up under rough use without scratching—resists damage from alcohol, hot soapy water and fruit acids. It dries in 4 hours! Take this Test Coupon to the nearest 87 Spar dealer. It entitles you to a full quarter pint can of Devoe 87 Spar Varnish for only 25¢ (enough for 20 sq. ft. average wood surface). This offer expires January 16, 1948.

TEST COUPON

Good for one-quarter pint test sample of Devoe 87 Spar Varnish (retail value 55¢) for 25¢ on presentation to any 87 Spar dealer.

Customer's name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

This offer expires January 16, 1948

ANOTHER DEVOE PRODUCT

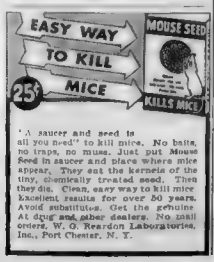
Distributed by

Pearsee-Gaulbert Paint & Varnish Company
Truscon Laboratories
Wadsworth, Howland & Company
Devoe & Reynolds Company, Inc.
787 First Avenue, New York 17, New York

MORE DOGS LIKE

"You'd think I'd cooked it myself!" says the HI-LIFE Pup Chef. Yes, HI-LIFE *is* the complete, sound food more dogs like. It'll keep the top dog in your life happier, healthier. Money-back guarantee. Get it at your grocer's today.

Ready Foods Company, Chicago



"A saucer and seed is all you need" to kill mice. No baits, no traps, no muss. Just put Mouse Seed in saucer and place where mice appear. They eat the kernels of the tiny, chemically treated seed. Then they die. Clean, easy way to kill mice. Excellent results for over 50 years. Avoid substitutes. Get the genuine At drug and other dealers. No mail orders. W. O. Reardon Laboratories, Inc., Port Chester, N. Y.

Builder in the Dark

A HALF FINISHED home being a top interest item these days, a visitor in a Georgia town stopped recently to watch one going up.

As he watched, a nimble-footed carpenter scaled a tall ladder to the unfinished second floor and scampered cat-like from one rafter to the next. He finally squatted in a safe spot and commenced an inspection of a corner joint.

"Dunno how he does it," one of the workers smiled to the visitor

"I don't get it," replied the understandably puzzled stranger, "What's so remarkable about a carpenter who can walk along a rafter?"

"Nothin' remarkable about it any more, Mister, but we still aren't really used to it. That's our foreman, George Grizzle, up there. He's been blind for 50 years."

George Grizzle is a man who refuses to admit that a handicap is a handicap. In spite of his affliction, he goes about his carpentry business in Acworth, Georgia, with a ready smile

"I never worry about being blind," he smiles. "I enjoy life just as much as the fellow with two good eyes."

GRIZZLE caused his own blindness at the age of five when he accidentally stuck a knife in one eye and immediately lost sight in both. He has worked, since his injury, as a blacksmith, basket-weaver and broom-maker, and even ran a mobile grocery store a while. He took up carpentry 15 years ago, "because it was something I had always wanted to do."

Since that time, he has built so many houses on the north side of Acworth that the townspeople have dubbed that section "Grizzleville."

When he saws a board, Grizzle uses a miter box for a guide. When he hammers a nail, he moves his hand rhythmically back and forth between strokes to establish its position. Grizzle is usually foreman of the jobs he undertakes, and has one or more assistants. But he declares he could "might near" build a complete home by himself.

One of his assistants is S. J. Thompson, who doubles as pastor of the New Zion Baptist Church in Acworth which Grizzle attends.

"I began dealing with George back in 1919," Thompson recalls. "I've found him respectable, honest and cheerful in anything he does. He loves the Lord, just like his wife does."

Grizzle's wife is the former Pearl Biddy, whom he wooed and wed when he was 25 and she was only 15.

"My parents didn't like the idea of me marrying a blind man," she admits, "but I've never regretted my choice. We had to do our sparkin' on the sly, though. We married secretly, too, and my parents' first question, when they heard, was 'Who do you think will support you?'

"I just told them that where there's a will, there's a way—and there always has been."

In Spite of His Blindness, the Georgia Carpenter Goes About His Work With Skill and Assurance.

Yes...he's used to the best!

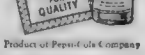
He pays $500 for his Vom Hofe fishing reel ...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!

Makes drinks taste better—costs less!

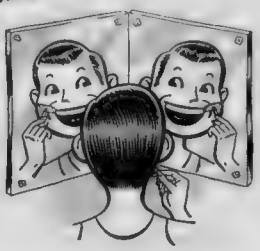
YES ...It's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.

YES ...It gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!



Product of Pepsi-Cola Company

"I get twice the pleasure from using STAR BLADES!"



• Even a modest man looks twice as good to himself when he shaves with a Star Single Edge or Double Edge Blade. Try one in *your* razor for your next shave—and you'll agree the only blade as good as a Star is another Star!

4 for 10¢
also 25¢ packs

Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

● Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film. ● Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. ● Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! ● Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! ● Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! ● Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! ● Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

Teen-Age Tempest

Where Boys Police Themselves

By URSULA TROW

SOMETHING new and different has been happening to teen-agers in Marcus Hook, an industrial town in southeastern Pennsylvania.

No longer are they being dubbed "juvenile delinquents" for pranks and misdemeanors. The phrase is taboo and anyone using it is likely to be fined a quarter. Money collected goes for juvenile "opportunity."

The accent on "opportunity" rather than "delinquency" is the work of Charles Imburgia, 37-year-old Seabee, who came back from the Pacific determined to do something about the rise of juvenile crime.

He believed that boys got into trouble because they had no proper outlet for their energies.

It was a big undertaking and he needed help, so Imburgia persuaded Amvets Post No. 43 at Marcus Hook to start a "Juvenile Opportunity Club." The distinguishing features of this club are the teen-agers' court and Junior Opportunity police.

When a firecracker went off in the Marcus Hook movie recently, a J-O officer happened to be at the scene of the "crime." He was able to identify the three mischief makers.

Ordinarily, the culprits would be brought before an adult court, but in this case the theatre manager let the J-O Club handle the offense.

The three boys were summoned to appear for trial by the club's court, which is held in the Marcus Hook Municipal Building.

Regular court procedure is followed by the club's judicial officers. There's a judge, a prosecuting attorney, a jury, and even a court crier—all boys.

In fact, they are mostly boys who, until the court was set up, were thought capable of the same offenses for which the youthful culprits were being tried.

Opposing attorneys argued the case, and then the jury retired.

The three boys were found guilty.

The judge pointed out that someone might have been hurt by their prank, and he sentenced them to work after classes, helping the school janitor.

The boys were also banned from the movies for three months, which won the theatre manager's approval.

In other cases the parents, the police, town officials—and the janitors—have all expressed their approval.

Police Chief William J. Miller thinks highly of the junior officers, who, he says, "are often more successful policing their own age group than adult officers."

Frequently, punishment is especially devised to fit the crime. The lad who wrote "Kilroy Was Here" all over a store window had to keep the window clean for a month.

The work of the Marcus Hook Amvets is arousing national interest. Commendations were recently received from FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover and the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, with a recommendation that this program be followed by every community in the country.

A Pennsylvania Town Has Its Own Answer to Juvenile Delinquency—Courts Run Entirely by Teen-Agers.

What do you think of the Marcus Hook system of juvenile law-enforcement? Would it work in your town, and how could it be started? Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

Choosing Your Life Work

"DO other teen-agers have as much trouble deciding on a vocation as we in this town?" asks George Hodsdon, of Melten, Wis. "I'm 18, entering college and haven't the slightest idea of what I want to be.

"Of our class of 27 high school graduates, nine are going on to college and only three have tentatively decided what they want to be. The rest of us are taking a general course, hoping to make up our minds before the school term opens."

George would like to know how some of you teen-agers are solving your vocational problems. How did you get your job? Did you pick it yourself? Did you have guidance in choosing it?

Or did you take whatever job was available at the moment and make the best of it?

Here's a problem that stumps boys and girls—and parents—all over the country.

Your letters may help George and a great many other people.

Gums Bleed?
Try This Gentle Dental Care

Teel is the only leading dentifrice that does both:

1. HELPS PREVENT GUM IRRITATION
Liquid TEEL lets you massage gums gently . . . helps promote healthy gums.
2. CLEANS TEETH SPECIAL EASY WAY
Contains no abrasives. Gets teeth sparkling clean—safely—with a patented ingredient. Get TEEL today and follow special directions on the package.

Refreshes your breath, too!
Liquid TEEL penetrates tooth crevices instantly . . . removes decaying food particles which cause much bad breath . . . refreshes your mouth on contact! Pleasant, tangy flavor. Try it!

Teel
CLEANS TEETH Beautifully!

Victoria
The finest name in Pearls
simulated oriental cultured
Always ask your jeweler for VICTORIA

Eyes Tired?
EYE-GENE
Gives SAFE Relief In SECONDS!
You'll be amazed how quickly safe, gentle EYE-GENE acts to relieve, refresh tired, overworked eyes. Two drops direct in seconds! EYE-GENE is gentle and safe. Use every day. 25c, 60c, $1 eye dropper bottles at all Drug Stores.
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Were to a frazzle . . .
Soap back with dazzle

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR
and look 10 Years Younger
● Now, at home, you can quickly tint telltale gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Approved by thousands—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless when used as directed. No skin test needed. The tri-tonal coloring agents in a purely vegetable derivative with iron and copper salts added for fast action. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. 75c at druggists. Get BROWNATONE now, or
Write for FREE TEST BOTTLE
Mention natural color of your hair. Send a post card today—BROWNATONE, Dept. 20-NA COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.

Doctor's Invisible Liquid
Promptly Relieves Itchy Skin Rash!
The first applications of Zemo—a Doctor's wonderful stainless, *invisible* antiseptic promptly relieve itching, burning of Skin Rashes, Eczema, Pimples and similar surface skin and scalp irritations. Zemo ALSO aids healing. Backed by amazing record of *continuous* success! First trial convinces.
ZEMO

Can't Relax due to NERVOUS TENSION
Try MILES NERVINE
If jittery nerves occasionally get you so keyed-up you can't relax, try MILES NERVINE. Use only as directed. All drug stores—two forms: Liquid Nervine or effervescent tablets.

Don't Scratch
Relieve Itch Fast
Even the most stubborn itching caused by eczema, scabies, pimples, athlete's foot or other itching troubles is quickly relieved by Dr. Dennis formula—cooling, medicated D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. 40 years' world-wide success. Greaseless, stainless and invisible. Soothes, comforts and quiets the most intense itching speedily. A 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for—
D.D.D. Prescription

Sally Young Gets Down to Fa[illegible] Her Article, "Be Beautiful" [illegible] Issue. She Tells You How Ins[illegible] Charm, Grace, Manner and Att[illegible] Are to Your Beauty

All flowers aren't Orchids!

All adhesive bandages aren't **BAND-AID***

BAND-AID IS MADE ONLY BY Johnson & Johnson

It's Johnson & Johnson quality that has earned for BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages the confidence of millions.

More families use BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages—more doctors recommend them than any other brand.

Every bandage comes to you sterile, sealed in an individual envelope. Keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection, avoid irritation. Cost? Less than a penny each!

Keep a box at home—one at work.

*BAND-AID is the registered trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage

Hollywood actors and actresses say:

"New COLEO CLEANS FALSE TEETH CLEANER!"

Movie cameras demand dazzling smiles. That often means costly dentures. So Colgate-Palmolive-Peet tested Coleo in Hollywood. *8 out of 10 tested* preferred new Coleo to all other types of denture cleaner! *Because:*

False teeth cleaned with Coleo sparkle with new cleanliness . . . have a fresh, pleasant taste! No danger of offensive breath from dentures cleaned with Coleo! No brushing! Watch tiny particles of food and dinginess "fizz away" fast! Try the amazing new Coleo on *your* false teeth *today!*

NEW TYPE Cleanser for False Teeth

Letters to the Editor

CONGRATULATIONS for your splendid presentation of the "My Faith" series of articles by eminent scientists. May I have a copy of the booklet made up of many of these articles?

Rev. George H. Boyd,
St. Peter's Episcopal Church,
Perth Amboy, N. J.

(The Reverend Mr. Boyd has been sent a "My Faith" booklet.—Ed.)

• • •

I feel I must compliment you on a really wonderful magazine. I acquired the habit of reading The American Weekly when I was evacuated to America in 1940. I'm fortunate in having relatives who still send me your magazine, and I eagerly await its arrival, because I think that it, more than any other magazine, typifies America.

Frances B. Farley,
Romford, England

• • •

I wish to thank you for publishing my request for The American Weekly in your column. Your magazine was very welcome on the mess deck, and I'd like to thank your many readers who sent me letters and magazines.

It is impossible for me to write to all who sent me letters, but my mess-mates have helped me out considerably and I can assure you we will write to as many as possible.

Sto. Mech. Whitlock,
H.M.S. Duke of York

• • •

Commendations on your nice covers of "Women in the Bible," by Artist Watson Little, and also on the John Erskine stories accompanying them. In these hectic days it won't hurt a bit—might do some good—to have these messages from the Bible. Thank you . . .

Mrs. Modin,
Portland, Ore.

• • •

In school, I am billboard monitor for my classroom. I have posted many of your recent articles, such as "The General Was a Woman." "Four Paths to the Chair." "Farewell Performance" and "The Decadence of Modern Art." I hope to get more soon.

Who paints those wonderful pictures for your holiday issues?

Henry G. Bartel,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(The American Weekly holiday covers are the work of Artist J. C. Leyendecker. Watch for his Thanksgiving Day cover next week.—Ed.)

• • •

I am very much pleased at the attitude taken by the American Weekly toward modern American painting. I am an artist, and have quite a collection of paintings . . .

Paul Wasasier,
Tonawanda, N. Y.

• • •

I am interested in obtaining reproductions of "Heroines of Literature" for classroom use. Are they available?

Mary Ellen Giblon,
Shenandoah, Pa.

(Copies of magazines featuring our "Heroines of Literature" have been sent to reader Giblon.—Ed.)

ADVERTISEMENT

food tips
AND OTHER TIMELY HINTS
BY Betty Crocker

Minneapolis, Nov. 14 This busy season you'll welcome short cuts for preparing delicious meals. In this advertising food column my General Mills food staff give especially helpful tips. Do clip and try them *soon*.

Good News . . . Lovers of Hot Rolls!

After hundreds of tests, we have developed a recipe that takes the risk and tediousness out of making rolls. Gives tender golden rolls you're proud to serve.

Of all the methods we've tried, these Bisquick Yeast Rolls are the easiest. Take only about an hour, from package to oven. Practically like making Bisquick biscuits, except that you crumble the yeast into the milk. Here's all you do:

Crumble and dissolve . . . . . *1 cake compressed yeast*
in . . . . . *¾ cup lukewarm milk*
Add . . . . . *1 tbsp. sugar*
2⅓ to 2½ cups Bisquick (until dough is easy to handle)

Mix very well. Turn dough over on floured surface to lightly coat with flour. Knead until smooth (about ½ minute or 20 times). (Notice how easy this dough handles.) Roll out ½-in. thick. Make into Parkerhouse or crescent rolls. Place on baking sheet. Cover with damp cloth. Let rise at 85° until double in bulk . . . about 1 hour. (Only *one* rising!) Bake 10 to 15 minutes in moderately hot oven (400°). Serve warm. Makes about 1 dozen rolls.

QUEEN OF YOUR CASTLE — That's what you'll be when you set this mouth-watering chocolate cake before your family the luscious Devil's Food Cake pictured on the Softasilk package. Rich mahogany-colored layers. Light and velvety. Moist and tender, with a marvelous chocolate flavor. Topped with swirls of snowy icing.

Have you tried our new method that gives these wonderful results? You don't cream shortening . . . you don't beat eggs! Yet this "Betty Crocker Double-Quick Method" with Softasilk will, we promise, give you better cakes than any other method, any other flour. Do get Softasilk Cake Flour *soon*. Try the recipe for Favorite Devil's Food Cake on the package.

White Wonder Icing: Luscious, smooth-spreading. Never sugars. Mix in top of double boiler 2 unbeaten egg whites (about ¼ cup, at room temp.), ½ cup sugar, 2 tsp white corn syrup, ⅛ tsp. cream of tartar. Place over rapidly boiling water for 2 minutes (or cook to 150°), stirring constantly. Then pour into mixing bowl. Beat vigorously with rotary beater until icing stands in peaks. Blend in ½ tsp. vanilla. Makes icing for 2-layer 8-in. cake.

Icing Trick: Put dab of icing on the cake platter before placing bottom layer on it. Cake will not slide around plate.

Serve this Refreshing Eye-Opener, if you're greeted with breakfast-table yawns: Grapefruit Berry Juice. Tart-sweet, tempting. Excellent way to use up left-over fruit juices. Just add a little lemon juice to equal parts chilled grapefruit and chilled berry or fruit juice (canned). Sweeten to taste with honey.

And to help keep your family "going strong" till noon, why not include big bowls of Wheaties in the menu, too? These crisp toasted whole wheat flakes

are unusually delicious with brown sugar and top milk. Do try this flavorsome combination soon. Wheaties are flakes of 100% whole wheat, you know, with all of whole wheat's vitamins and minerals. Abundant food energy. Good proteins. And ready-to-eat: an early-morning convenience you'll appreciate.

• • •

Expert helper for your kitchen!

Here's one that will cook tempting meals in *minutes* instead of *hours*. Turn out vegetables bright-colored, fresh-flavored. Savory pot roast and chicken so tender you can cut them with a fork. I mean the new General Mills Pressure*Quick* Saucepan. This dependable helper soon pays its cost in more delicious meals . . . in saving on time, fuel, food bills.

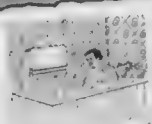
You'll be simply delighted with these new features. Cover easy to adjust. The Feathertouch Safety Lock anchors it safely in position. Easy-to-read dial shows pressure at a glance. Automatic safety vents. In most cases, when cooking is finished, just push Pressure*Quick* Slide Release. Pressure goes down quickly, safely, right at the range.

Our new "Guide to Pressure Cooking" gives over 60 delicious recipes. Do examine it and the Pressure*Quick* Saucepan at your dealer's. Or put it on your Christmas list.

Betty Crocker of General Mills

FOR MORE FOOD IDEAS HEAR BETTY CROCKER'S RADIO PROGRAMS, MON. THROUGH FRI.

Reading the Household Almanac Page Which Appears in Every Issue of The American Weekly Is a Habit for Millions of Women. There Are Complete Menus Made Up of Recipes for Foods "In Season." Desserts, Main Courses, Fish, Meat and Pastry All Get Their Share of Discussion. Make This Page Your Regular Reading Habit and See How Easy It Is to Prepare Delightfully Tempting Meals.



In early times bathtubs were made of tin. Modern bathrooms have porcelain tubs... and

It's modern to make Bathrooms CLOROX-CLEAN!

For Clorox goes beyond visible cleanliness... it disinfects!

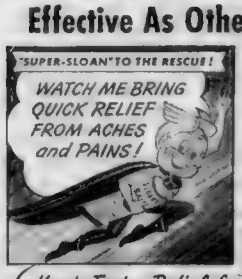
YOUR family's well-being depends largely on greater home health protection... and that's your cue to use Clorox! For Clorox in routine cleansing disinfects tile, enamel, porcelain, linoleum, wood, glass and other germ-harboring surfaces. No wonder health authorities urge the use of an effective disinfectant such as Clorox for higher health standards. And, too, Clorox is the modern women's choice in laundering. It's free from caustic... made by an exclusive patented process... bleaches extra-gently. Simply follow directions on the label.

CLOROX *America's Favorite Bleach and Household Disinfectant*

FIRST in Quality... in Performance... in Preference!

Let BOON Household Cleaner save you time and work, too. It wipes away dirt and grease from washable surfaces quickly, easily. Excellent on automobiles. At your grocer's. MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CLOROX

New SLOAN'S BALM Proved Twice As Effective As Other Leading Balms!



Here's Faster Relief for the Aches and Pains of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica!

New SLOAN'S BALM relieves much *faster* . . . penetrates *deeper* . . . gives *longer-lasting* relief! Far more effective than other leading balms and rubs tested! Clean, pleasing aroma. For generous trial tube, send your name and address plus 10¢ to cover postage, to: Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 201, 113 W. 18th St., New York, N. Y.

SLOAN'S INSTANT BALM

Aspirin in Pain Relief

The Epicure

BRUNSWICK STEW

By ROYAL DANIEL, JR.

BRUNSWICK STEW is as important to a genuine Georgia pit barbecue as is the bride to a lovely garden wedding.

It is the subject of endless controversies among epicures—and farmers; some as bitter and inconclusive as to whether mint should be crushed, bruised, ground or left au naturel in the Julep.

Even the national wrangle, in the Huey Long days, as to whether corn pone should be dunked or crumbled in pot likker, pales beside the ramifications of Brunswick Stew.

Twenty years ago, Walter Howey, editor and epicure, telephoned me long distance in the early morning hours with this one:

"I expect to be going south soon. Where can I get real Brunswick Stew?"

I suggested a certain restaurant, then in business, near one of the downtown viaducts in Atlanta.

Some years passed with no report from Mr. Howey. Finally, one night, in the late hours, came this long distance query:

"I'm in Atlanta. Lost that Brunswick Stew address."

Mr. Howey got the stew. He liked it.

Recently he heard I was off to Georgia on vacation. "Bring back the Brunswick Stew recipe for The American Weekly," he ordered.

We returned with as many recipes for Georgia Barbecue and Brunswick Stew as there are counties in Georgia.

MOST of these begin with "take one 50-pound pig." The pig is barbecued according to directions. His head, feet, liver and heart are used as the basis for "old-fashioned Brunswick Stew." These are put into an iron wash pot and boiled until the meat falls from the bones. Vegetables and seasonings are added and the stew is cooked slowly for several hours. Along the coast one or two wild marsh hens are added to the original pot. Upstate the old Barbecue men use rabbit—one or two. This gives the stew a distinctive "gamy" taste.

We appealed to Aunt Sara in Griffin, Georgia, for an alternate recipe to be used in case a 50-pound pig or a wild marsh hen were not available. She gave us the following "citified" recipe which she has served with flattering success to almost any number of kith and kin on countless Sunday nights. She allows as to how it will serve 14 comfortably.

BRUNSWICK STEW

2½ lbs. fresh lean pork
2 lbs. lean veal (or one whole rabbit)
1 large young chicken
2 small cans tomatoes or (preferably) 1 qt. ripe fresh tomatoes
8 large ears corn
2 tbsps. salt
1 cup butter beans (small green limas will do)
1 tbsp. black pepper (add gradually, tasting as you go)
1 cup vinegar
1 lemon sliced thin
1 cup catsup
4 tbsps. Worcestershire sauce
1 tbsp. tabasco sauce or 2 pods fresh green peppers
1 cup cracker crumbs
4 cups peeled, diced white potatoes
2 finely cut okra (this may be omitted if you can't find it on the market but it adds to the flavor. Canned okra may be used).
2 large onions cut fine
2 garlic buttons tied in cheesecloth (this is to be added to the meat and chicken and removed when the bones and skin are removed)
1 tsp. dry mustard
½ lb. butter

Royal Daniel, Jr., a Native of Georgia, Has Been an Editor on Hearst Newspapers in New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Atlanta, Washington and Many Years in Pittsburgh. His Hobby Is a Small-Scale Garden Which He Calls "Six Pica Plantation." (Note: In Printing, Six Picas Measure One Inch.)

Cook the pork, veal (or rabbit) and chicken together in a large kettle until so tender that the meat falls from the bones. Remove all the skin and bones from the meat and chicken and replace in the skimmed liquid. Be sure that no little pieces of bone are left.

Add all vegetables and seasonings, except corn, beans and butter, and cook slowly for 1½ hours. Stir frequently and be sure the stew does not stick or scorch as scorching ruins the flavor.

Then, add corn, beans and cracker crumbs and simmer 45 minutes. Add butter. Stir until butter disappears. Serve hot with slices of bread. The stew should be thick enough to eat with the fork.

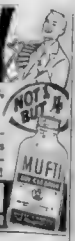
CAUTION. Taste as you go along and add seasonings slowly until the stew suits you. Georgians like their stew hot enough to sizzle the roof of your mouth and while Aunt Sara's recipe is not too far rid it may be a little hotter than you like it.

Make just enough. It's not easy "to keep it over," nor satisfactory to "warm it up."

For a real pit barbecue, the formula for the fire is regarded as almost as important as the cooking. So much hickory, so much oak, the percentage of pine and other wood is significant. Usually the fire is started 18 hours before the repast is to be served.

The stew recipe is factually reported, but guaranteed only to start a violent controversy. There are many schools of uncompromising thought on the subject.

HANDY



To keep clothes spotless, keep Mufti bottle handy! Mufti gives you not 1, but 4 tested cleaning ingredients, cleans so many spots from so many fabrics—and cleans them in a jiffy!

MUFTI SPOT REMOVER

PURE AND FAST

HERE IS ASPIRIN AT ITS BEST

Dependable St. Joseph Aspirin is known to many as "America's Great Pain Reliever," for headache, painful discomforts of colds, neuralgia, functional monthly pain. Only 4¢ for bottle of 100. Keep it handy.

St. Joseph ASPIRIN 12 TABLETS STILL ONLY 10¢

Gray Hair

If your hair is graying, if it's drab and colorless, if it looks "washed out", or if you are not happy about the color of your hair, the new improved Instant CLAIROL Oil Shampoo Tint is your answer. *For CLAIROL is the world's most natural looking hair coloring. Beauticians say, "CLAIROL often helps make women look ten years younger" And in one quick treatment too. Permanently colors hair to which it is applied. If you are unhappy with the hair coloring you are now using — if it gives your hair an artificial look — then you owe it to your "audience" to follow the advice of experts and switch to CLAIROL this very day.

** Proof that the new improved Instant CLAIROL colors hair on nature's plan and gives amazing new sheen may be seen at Clairol Instruction Center, 510 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y.*

Caution: Use only as directed on the label

Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE POULTICE

SIMPLE CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
BRONCHIAL IRRITATION
SIMPLE SPRAIN, BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES
BOILS

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat. Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the *moist heat* go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also reduces swelling and relieves pain due to a boil, simple sprain, bruise, or similar injury or condition and hastens up stiff, aching muscles. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE MEDICATED POULTICE-DRESSING in tube or can at your drug store NOW.

Antiphlogistine

MEDICATED POULTICE-DRESSING

The White Package with the Orange Band

Suffering? silently!

DON'T continue to fidget and suffer from the torment of simple piles. Use dependable Resinol to ease itching, burning distress.

It gently oils and soothes as ointment medication relieves irritation and induces blissful comfort. Pure, mild Resinol Soap is particularly suitable for bathing tender parts. Use both! Samples each free Resinol X-113, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Have you tried it WINTER-STYLE?

Libby's TWICE-RICH* Tomato Juice

Piping-Hot Libby's

the cup that really cheers on a cold day!

You know Libby's sparkling, refreshing goodness as a chilled thirst-quencher between meals, or a meal time appetizer. Now try it as a warmer-upper—a hot drink your folks will go for, and you will fix in a jiffy!

It's *so* simple! Just heat Libby's; *but don't* boil it, because Libby's is ***RICH IN VITAMINS** that you surely want to protect. It's rich in both Vitamin A and Vitamin C—and a ready source of Vitamins B_1 and B_2!

And don't try this tomato juice winter trick with "just any" brand. It takes *Libby's*, the kind that's really ***RICH IN FLAVOR**, rich in consistency, to make a cup of swell-drinking hot tomato juice. Libby's is pure tomato juice seasoned *only* with a touch of salt. Seasoned "*just* right" almost everybody says.

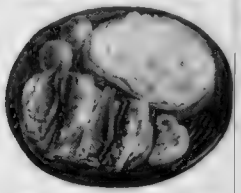
Take piping hot Libby's in the thermos to the football game or hockey match. After school, after sports, after Dad shovels the walk—come up with steaming Libby's and see the folks drink it down with delight. Grand by itself, or with snacks! Keep stocked with plenty of this flavor-rich, vitamin-rich juice to serve *both* hot and cold real often all winter long.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY
Chicago 9, Ill.

Listen to **"MY TRUE STORY."** *Thrilling radio dramas from real life. Every morning, Mon. thru Fri. 10:00 EST, 9:00 CST, 8:30 MST, 10:30 PST ABC Stations*

IN ALL CANNED FOODS
LOOK TO Libby's
FOR PERFECTION

RECIPE ROW
featuring
PABST-ETT
and other PHENIX foods



Pabst-ett and Sardine Sandwich

Rye bread — Green olives
Pabst-ett — Lemon slices
Sardines

For each sandwich, spread one slice of bread with Pabst-ett. On other slice arrange sardines. Garnish with olives, lemon.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Serve this nourishing cheddar cheese food treat to youngsters in toast cups.

Pabst-ett Eggs Goldenrod

1 pkg. Pabst-ett — 6 hard-cooked eggs
½ cup milk — 6 slices bread, 1¼ in. thick

Melt Pabst-ett in top of a double boiler, add milk gradually, stirring until sauce is smooth. Add chopped egg whites. Cut bread in 3-inch squares. Remove centers, leaving ½-inch edge on all sides and bottom. Place on greased baking sheet and brown in hot oven. Fill with egg sauce; sprinkle with sieved yolks.

Other Phenix Menu Ideas

Have the ½-pound package of *Phenix Process American Cheese* handy for toasted sandwiches. For quick snacks, choose from 7 *Phenix Cream and Cheese Spreads*. And for cheese food lovers, get the economical 2-pound *Phenix Tasty Loaf*. You'll find PABST-ETT quality in *all* PHENIX FOODS.

Phenix Pabst-ett Company, Chicago 90

For the best Brown Gravy You Ever Tasted

GRAVY MASTER
makes gravy as you like it!
EVERY BOTTLE SHOWS HOW

A Good Firm Rice Makes a Delicious Chicken Gumbo.

Rice WITH Dinner FOR Good Eating

Household Almanac

— Amy Alden

CONVERTED rice with its steam-sealed vitamins and minerals is one of the answers to the nutrition problem.

In this process, vacuum and steam treatments force the nutrients into the center of the kernel, so when outside husks are removed, the nutrients remain in the kernels. The kernels are toughened so they stand out as individual units and don't mush up in cooking.

You will find on this page some of our favorite recipes whose distinctive flavors depend upon rice which is easy to prepare. This is true of the chicken gumbo that needs long, slow cooking to blend the tastes and bring out the flavors. The popular Mexican fried rice, with every kernel stirred and turned in the hot oil to brown, has more of the characteristic nut-like taste, despite the long simmering.

Whether combined in the stuffing for green peppers, served cold in butterscotch pudding, or served as a ring around scallopine of veal, the flavor in each separate grain of the converted rice makes for good eating.

Boiled Converted Rice

1 cup converted rice
2¼ cups boiling water
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. vinegar or lemon juice (optional)

Combine all ingredients in large saucepan. Cook, covered, over low heat, about 22 min., or until all water has been absorbed. Serves 4, as a vegetable.

Chicken Gumbo

1 4-lb. fowl, cut up
3 qts. cold water
4 tsps. salt
2 bay leaves
8 peppercorns
½ lb. smoked ham, diced
1½ cups diced onion
1 cup diced green pepper
1 cup diced celery
4 tbsps. fat or salad oil
½ cup raw converted rice
3 tbsps. flour
2 cups sliced fresh or canned okra with juice
1½ cups canned tomatoes
4 tbsps. chopped canned pimiento
½ tsp. pepper
1 leek

Simmer fowl, water, 3 tsps. salt, bay leaves, and peppercorns in covered kettle until tender—about 3 hours. Cool quickly, then chill. Remove chicken from bones, discard skin, and dice meat coarsely. Strain broth, measure, add enough water to make 3 qts. Saute next 4 ingredients in fat until soft—about 5 min. Add rice, saute 5 min. longer, while stirring. Add flour, stir smooth. Stir in broth, chicken, okra, tomatoes, pimiento, pepper, and remaining 1 tsp. salt. Simmer, uncovered, 1 hr., adding leek, split lengthwise, 10 min. before gumbo is done. Serves 8.

Scallopine of Veal

2½ lbs. boned veal shoulder
⅓ cup flour
2 tsps. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
⅓ cup minced onion
⅓ cup salad oil or fat
¾ cup canned whole or sliced mushrooms
1 No. 2 can tomatoes, strained, or 1¾ cups canned tomato juice
1 tsp. granulated sugar
⅓ cup raw converted rice

Cut veal into 1¼ in. cubes. Roll lightly in flour combined with ⅓ tsp. of the salt and ⅛ tsp. of the pepper. Saute the minced onion in the hot oil until tender. Remove onion; place in a 2-qt. casserole. Saute veal in oil left in skillet until golden brown on all sides; turn into casserole. Add mushrooms, tomatoes, sugar, and remaining 1⅓ tsps. salt and ⅛ tsp. pepper. Cover, bake in oven of 350° F. 1½ hrs. Serve with the rice, which has been boiled. Serves 6.

Stuffed Green Peppers

4 large green peppers
½ lb. chuck beef, ground
3 tbsps. minced onion
1 tsps. fat or salad oil
2 tsps. salt
Dash pepper
¾ tsp. dried sage
1¼ tsps. thick meat sauce
2 cups cooked converted rice
1¼ cups canned tomatoes
⅓ cup bread crumbs

Wash peppers, cut a thin slice from stem end, remove seeds. Cover with boiling salted water and simmer 5 min. Drain. Meanwhile, cook beef and onion in 4 tsps. fat in a skillet 5 min., or until meat loses its red color. Add salt, pepper, sage, meat sauce, rice, and tomatoes, and combine thoroughly. Stuff peppers with this mixture and top with the bread crumbs which have been combined with the remaining 4 tsps. fat, melted. Arrange peppers upright in a greased baking dish and bake in a moderately hot oven of 375° F. for 35-40 min., or until tender and brown on top. Serves 4. Ground lamb or veal breast or shoulder may replace beef.

Mexican Fried Rice

1 cup raw converted rice
1 sliced medium onion
1 clove garlic, cut
¼ cup butter or margarine
1⅔ cups boiling water
¾ cup canned condensed tomato soup, undiluted
1 tsp. salt

Saute the onion and garlic in the butter until yellow, then remove both and add the rice. Saute until rice kernels are yellow, stirring occasionally. Add remaining ingredients, cover, and cook 20 min. Serves 4.

Spanish Rice

½ cup raw converted rice
1 cup sliced onions
2 tbsps. butter, or margarine
2½ cups canned tomatoes
1⅛ tsps. salt
3 tbsps. minced green pepper
2 whole cloves
1 small bay leaf
2 tsps. granulated sugar

Cook the rice until tender in boiling salted water. Meanwhile, cook the sliced onions in the butter until tender. Add remaining ingredients and simmer 15 min. Remove bay leaf and cloves, and add the rice. Turn into a greased 1-qt. casserole; bake in oven of 375° F. for 30 min. Serves 4.

Green Rice With Almonds

1½ cups raw converted rice
2⅔ cups boiling water
1¾ tsps. butter, or margarine
½ cup minced parsley
½ cup chopped, blanched almonds

Combine rice, water, salt, and butter in a tightly covered saucepan. Cook over very low heat for 30 min., without removing cover. Add parsley and almonds, and toss lightly with a fork. Serves 5.

Butterscotch Rice Pudding

½ cup raw converted rice
¼ tsp. salt
1¼ cups boiling water
2 tbsps. butter or margarine
¾ cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed
1½ cups evaporated milk

Cook the rice with the salt and the boiling water in a double boiler for 30 min. Meanwhile, combine butter and brown sugar in a skillet and cook over low heat, while stirring for 3 to 5 min. Add together with the milk to the rice and cook for 30 min. longer. Chill and serve with cream. Serves 6.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 383, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

☐ (60) Gayelord Hauser Diet
☐ (61) Famous Recipes
☐ (62) New England Recipes
☐ (63) Candy Recipes
☐ (64) Quick Hot Breads
☐ (65) Pancakes and Roll-Ups
☐ (66) Oyster Recipes
☐ (67) Waffles Tonight
☐ (68) Eggs for Every Meal
☐ (69) Let's Eat Fish
☐ (70) Casserole Recipes
☐ (71) Quickly Prepared Meals
☐ (73) Favorite Mexican Recipes
☐ (74) Foreign Recipes
☐ (75) Almanac Bread & Rolls
☐ (76) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts
☐ (77) Favorite Hebrew Recipes
☐ (78) Favorite Almanac Cakes
☐ (79) New Cakes
☐ (80) Desserts and Sweets
☐ (81) Favorite Pie Recipes
☐ (82) Pies and Pastries
☐ (83) Favorite Soup Recipes
☐ (84) Meat for Family Meals
☐ (85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
☐ (86) Delicious Vegetables
☐ (87) New Vegetable Recipes
☐ (88) Almanac Potato Recipes
☐ (89) Popular Salad Recipes
☐ (90) Salads and Dressings
☐ (91) Almanac Cookies
☐ (92) New Cookies
☐ (98) Children's Party Recipes
☐ (99) Delicious Chicken Recipes
☐ (100) Buffet Party Dishes
☐ (101) Lunchbox Fillers
☐ (102) Favorite Puddings, Sauces

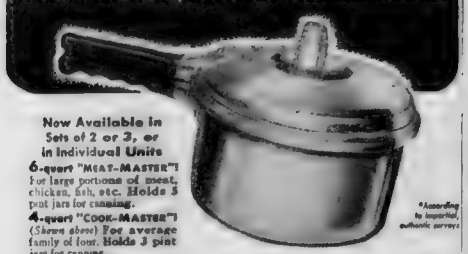
GROWING! GROWING! GROWING!

Already...

THE LARGEST SELLING CHEESE CRACKER IN AMERICA!

...because these "Best-Kitchen-Helpers" are so easy... so safe... so wonderful to use

more Presto COOKERS have been purchased by homemakers than ALL other makes of pressure cookers COMBINED



*According to impartial, authentic surveys

Now Available in Sets of 2 or 3, or in Individual Units

6-quart "MEAT-MASTER" for large portions of meat, chicken, fish, etc. Holds 3 pint jars for canning.

4-quart "COOK-MASTER" (Shown above) For average family of four. Holds 3 pint jars for canning.

2½-quart "VEG-MASTER" Ideal for the "all-alone" homemaker; yet, large enough for servings for 2 or 3 people.

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

5-10-15 lb. Indicator-Weight for best hi-speed pressure cooking and canning. No guessing. All foods cook at same pressure.

Home Seal Put on cover. Bring handles together and a perfect seal is formed. Safe! Sure! Simple!

128-PAGE RECIPE BOOK Included with your PRESTO COOKER, at no extra cost, a colorful, 128-page book of recipes, time tables, and easy-to-follow instructions!

BACKED BY more than 30 years of scientific research, thorough testing and ingenious pressure-cooker manufacturing experience, PRESTO COOKERS are the outstanding leaders throughout America, and in every foreign country where they are sold.

Millions of PRESTO COOKERS are now in use. More millions are in demand, because a PRESTO COOKER works wonders with all foods. It saves up to 300 kitchen hours in a single year... saves natural food vitamins, minerals, garden-fresh colors and flavors ... saves money by saving fuel. Available wherever quality housewares are sold.

REMEMBER, all pressure cookers are NOT PRESTO COOKERS. Be sure to look for this name-plate when you buy...

Presto

NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER COMPANY
General Offices and Factory: Eau Claire, Wis.

Stop Cutting Hands on Tin Cans!

GET THIS SAFE "Plier Grip"

FLINT CAN OPENER

You can't hurt your hands because they don't touch the can

TENITE "T"-SHAPED HANDLE EASY TO TURN
Takes can out of hot water
Holds can while you turn handle
"COMET TAIL" DRIVE GEAR FOR CUTTING FASTER, EASIER
CUTTING WHEEL TOUGH AS TOOL STEEL
BUMPERS KEEP HANDLES FROM PINCHING
HEAVY STEEL WOBBLE-PROOF CONSTRUCTION

Throw away your old can opener and get this new safe "Plier Grip" Flint* Can Opener.

If you have a child in your home—then you must get one today!

Note all the improved features. Particularly the new, "comet tail" driving gear—designed to grip the can better; to turn faster.

Look at the cutting wheel carbonized tough as tool steel to pierce the tin like butter.

Get this new, safe "PlierGrip" Flint Can Opener today at any department or hardware store. You'll be glad you did.

THROW AWAY YOUR OLD CAN OPENER AND GET SAFE FLINT "PLIER GRIP" TODAY. $1.50

EXCO

FLINT CAN OPENER
Precision Made by EXCO

No Mail Orders

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Dear Sally Young:

MRS. RITA CORRAN of Chicago writes: "Lately I've been getting a few gray hairs. I'm a working girl and can't afford to become old looking yet. Is there anything I can do without dyeing the hair?"

ANSWER: Gray hair does not necessarily make a woman look old. However, since you want to do something about yours and since you have only a few worrying you, why not try color crayons or hair pencils, or a rinse. These are temporary disguises and must be repeated each time you shampoo.

• • •

Virginia Lenton of New York wants to know if "body massage can take the place of exercise."

ANSWER: Persistent massage often does reduce measurements. For best results, however, it should supplement exercise.

• • •

"I have hollows and dark circles around my eyes. What can I do to get rid of them?" asks Mrs. J. Disdiel of Key West, Fla.

ANSWER: You should find out what is causing the hollows and circles around your eyes. Perhaps you need glasses. Or they may indicate that you need more sleep. It might be a good idea to get a physical check-up by your doctor.

In the meantime, you can cover them up with make-up. Use a fairly heavy foundation lotion or cake make-up plus powder. Place the rouge high on the cheeks, partly over the hollows.

• • •

"How can I streamline my eyebrows?" asks Mrs. Bernice E. Sweet of Long Branch, N. J.

ANSWER: Either tweeze them or remove them with a specially prepared wax. Tweezing will be less painful if you apply a hot towel and then cold cream to the area to be tweezed. Make sure your instrument is clean. Each hair must be removed separately. After tweezing, apply a mild astringent or witch hazel to the tweezed area.

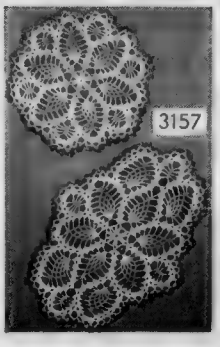
The depilatory wax must be heated no higher than body temperature (98° F.) to prevent burns, and applied only to the area from which hair is to be removed.

After the wax has dried, remove with a quick tug. If your eyebrows are very unruly, it may be best to have a beauty operator do the initial shaping. All you need do after that is tweeze each stray hair as it grows.

Gift Tips

3155—Embroidered blouse with flattering peplum. Sample to embroider in outline or chain stitch, with or without sequins. Blouse pattern Misses' sizes 12 to 20. State size. Transfer incl.

3156—Give this 15-inch doll with straw-yarn hair for Christmas. Easy to make. Pattern has transfer of doll and pattern for clothes.



3157—Crocheted pineapple design doilies enhance the home. Oval doily is 7½x11 inches. No. 30 cotton; round one, 7½. Pattern has directions for both.

Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to: THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, Box 206, Station F, Brooklyn 36, New York. Due to customs restrictions Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Sure-Fire Way to Spruce Up MEATS- Sauce Made with SUN-MAID RAISINS

Simmer 1 cup Sun-Maid Raisins (Seedless Nectars or Seedless) in 2 cups water 15 min. Mix 2 Tbs. cornstarch, 2 Tbs. sugar, ½ tsp. salt, 2 Tbs. cold water. Add to raisins. Heat. Remove. Add 1 Tbs. butter, 2 Tbs. lemon juice. Mix. Serve over any meat.

• Always Fresh! • Sugar-Saving!
• Rich in Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus!
• Choice of Good Cooks Everywhere!

Free • For your 32-page recipe book, write Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California, Dept. AW-1, Fresno, California.

★ It Costs SO LITTLE to Use the BEST- for Cooking, Baking and Good Eating!

There's ONLY ONE WAY to Make GRAVY THIS RICH! BROWN! DELICIOUS!

Good Cooks say USE KITCHEN BOUQUET

Famous chefs know you can't get gravy so specially rich and delicious, such an appetizing deep brown color—*without help*. Nor can you depend on weak, watery, so-called "gravy helps." Kitchen Bouquet is what you need. It's *full strength to give full flavor!* Simply add Kitchen Bouquet—your gravy will be gloriously brown... rich ... delicious!

APPETIZING! SATISFYING!

CORNED BEEF HASH

Economical, too. Choice cuts of tender beef, blended with select potatoes, fine-flavored onions. Delicious, nourishing.

Ready Foods Canning Corp. 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10

Did You Read the Almanac Recipes?

After 25

beware of

DRY SKIN

ACT PROMPTLY TO ARREST IT —with the right care

FROM ABOUT 25 ON, the natural oil that keeps skin soft gradually decreases. Even before 40, a woman may lose as much as 20% of this oil skin needs.

Replacement help from lanolin, the oil most like natural skin oil, is right at your fingertips—with Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream.

3 features give *special* softening aid: rich in lanolin; homogenized—to soak in better; a special emulsifier.

2-Point Softening Care:

Lanolin-Soften by Night—Work lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream well over face, throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or *all* night.

Lanolin-Protect by Day—Pond's Dry Skin Cream before make-up gives a protective screen against dryness.

Start now! *See* your skin respond to this lanolin-rich cream.

●

FREE—*For a sample of this rich in lanolin, homogenized Pond's Dry Skin Cream, send your name and address to Pond's, Dept. 150 DF, Clinton, Connecticut.*

MOJUD...

PORTRAIT OF GLAMOUR

Sheer artistry!
Eye-luring Mojud nylon stockings... so sheer, so sleek, so smooth fitting.
MOJUD
the dependable HOSIERY
AT DEPTED STORES EVERYWHERE

WORKS OVERNIGHT

to help heal externally caused

RASHES, BLEMISHES

Try Cuticura on pimples, blackheads, irritations. Contains oxyquinoline and sulphurated petrolatum. Often succeeds where others fail. For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-193, Malden 48, Mass.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Be Beautiful

By Sally Young

BEAUTY is more than the right color nail polish or the latest hair-do. Nor does it depend on facial massage or the creams you use. To be considered beautiful you have to be completely lovely to the eye. Charm, grace, mannerisms and attitudes are included in this picture.

So often a beautifully groomed woman spoils the picture by biting her nails. Picking or peeling off the nail polish (with the intent look that usually goes with this) is certainly incongruous to beauty.

Hands need constant supervision. Fluttering hands and twitching fingers belie the calm mien that is part of beauty. Fussing with hair or complexion in public—oh, lady, beware.

The voice, too, is so often a beauty detractor. Lovely lips mean nothing when they part to emit a raucous, shrieking word or laugh. A calm, soft voice can be acquired. It takes practice and self-analysis. You should listen to yourself as others hear you. To do this, voice coaches suggest you stand facing a corner of your room. Talk. Cup your ears and listen.

YOUR eyes may be clear and shiny, neat and well groomed—and still not be beautiful. How so? Don't tell me you haven't come up against the cold-fish stare. That's strictly an inside job, too. It comes from a heart that's merely a blood pump. And it usually goes with the prettiest faces.

Too bad, because that shriveling stare tells such a sordid story. It says so blatantly, "I'm so good-looking, I don't have to be charming."

No such thing, sister, because with that attitude you're not a bit good-looking. Melt, or don't expect people to like you.

Another beauty killer is your posture, either standing or sitting. Your posture can tell the world you're an alert, active, likable individual. Or it can say you're lazy, listless, the langourous type that needs waiting on—the type that ought to hire a bodyguard to keep from getting killed.

We could go on with these beauty robbers for a long time. But what for? Let's get down to the common denominator. It all boils down to: What are you thinking?

IF you're thinking slovenly thoughts, they'll show—in the way you walk, the run-down heels on your shoes, the crooked stocking seam.

If you're self-conscious you'll fidget. Self-conscious people are selfish, self-centered people. In their eyes all the klieg lights are turned on themselves. If they'd put themselves out a little, do a little honest listening, show a little honest affection for a fellow struggler, those klieg lights wouldn't be so cruel.

As for the raspy-voiced lassy—she's just afraid no one is going to listen to her inconsequential catty gossip unless she shouts it from the housetops. Anyone who listens is just as unlovely. And if you think those caricatures artists draw of gossips aren't true, just look around.

COMPOSURE and relaxation come from within. They are qualities of a genuinely nice person. A nice person is considerate of others. She isn't out to "show" her sisters how she outshines them in wealth, position or intelligence.

A nice person needn't flaunt herself. She can afford to relax—and be beautiful.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

☐ (1) Skin Care
☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
☐ (7) Hand Care
☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage

The MIRACLE Dye!

No *FINER* dye at *ANY* price —still only 10¢ & 15¢

(super-economy size 25¢)

● **for beautiful results** millions of women insist on Tintex. You see, Tintex is an *ALL-FABRIC* dye and that means it dyes *EVERY* fabric, except glass and metal fibres. Yes, that means "Celanese", acetates, rayons, Nylon, as well as silk, cotton, linen, wool and mixtures. No boiling necessary! So simple!

● **low in cost** because *All-fabric* Tintex, although a more expensive dye to make, is still at the same old prices. No *finer* dye at *any* price! Save money with *All-fabric* Tintex!

● **backed by PARK & TILFORD** a house whose reputation for quality goes back over 100 years. So, buy *All-fabric* Tintex with complete confidence, to bring new color-beauty to all apparel and home decorations. It's so *easy* to use! Buy it at drug, dept. and 10¢ stores . . . *today!*

All-fabric

TINTEX

The Ultra Modern

TINTS & DYES

Sweet Heart

IMAGINE ONLY

$6.95

Winter White with Black or Wine Velveteen

Hearts will beat faster as you go by in this saucy wool-like dress with a back zipper way down! Dress-up cap sleeves! Deep patch pockets with heart-shaped buttons! And velveteen where it looks best—on the sleeves, the belt, (cross your heart!) Window Pane Plaid in BLACK or WINE on Winter White.

Sizes 9 to 17

Dixie Shops

DIXIE SHOPS Dept. 22
275 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N. Y.
Please send me on approval the "SWEETHEART" Dress. I'll pay postman $6.95 plus postage.
Size—9 ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17 ☐
Indicate 1st and 2nd color choice
WINTER WHITE with BLACK ☐ WINE ☐
MONEY BACK IF RETURNED IN 10 DAYS

Yours on approval! Send no Money!

My Name _____ Print

My Address _____

City _____ State _____

To delight your semi-SWEET TOOTH!

TOLL HOUSE® COOKIES

EASY TO MAKE

Chock full of delicious

NESTLE'S®

Semi-Sweet Chocolate

There's a tantalizing temptation coming from the nation's kitchens right now. Toll House Cookies!

Every bite of these famous cookies contains its share of taste-thrilling, WHOLE morsels of Nestle's Semi-Sweet Chocolate!

A package of Nestle's is enough for 50 cookies—wonderful for dessert and between meal snacks. Ask at your grocer's for Nestle's Semi-Sweet Chocolate and treat your family to Toll House Cookies, America's favorites!

Look for the Toll House Cookie recipe on the back of the yellow cellophane package

WARM 'EM UP, MOTHER!

Children love INSTANT HOT NESTLE'S for breakfast

Start their day the happy way—with a nourishing hot drink that's ready in 10 seconds.

Hot Nestle's is a delicious combination of choice cocoa and rich, WHOLE milk, blended, sweetened and already cooked for you.

You just put 3 teaspoonfuls in a cup, add hot water and serve! No pans to wash. Never a disagreeable "skin" on top.

Ask your grocer for Nestle's EverReady Cocoa and give your children the warming, nourishing drink they need these cold mornings.

NESTLE'S®

EVERREADY COCOA

with that famous chocolate flavor!

® Lamont, Corliss & Co.

CLEAN HAIR
in 10 minutes
WITHOUT WATER

Freshly-scented MINIPOO Shampoo Powder with handy mitt applicator is so easy to use! No soap! No rinsing! No drying! Removes oil, dirt, unpleasant hair odors! Retains wave! Restores sheen!

DURING COLDS OR ILLNESS
Minipoo's the safe, dry way to shampoo!

BETWEEN WATER SHAMPOOS
fragrant Minipoo revives "stringy" hair!

Minipoo
THE QUICK *DRY* SHAMPOO
30 Shampoos with mitt $1.00 plus tax

EASY-TO-MAKE *Christmas* TOYS

By Doris Denison

THERE'S nothing in the world so wonderful as seeing the light that shines in a youngster's eyes on Christmas morning.

That once-a-year thrill can be doubled for every child if Santa Claus manages to bring toys that will stand up under expressions of love—expressions which usually turn out, to be pretty rough demonstrations of fondness.

After a few lessons at your local sewing center, and a bit of time at your sewing machine, you'll be able to create fine, fat, felt pigs, roly-poly teddy bears, bean bags, balls, and many other gifts.

Felt Toys

1. From a child's coloring book, trace onto heavy wrapping paper the outline of the particular toy figure you wish to make.

2. Use double thickness of felt material. Pin paper tracing to fabric and cut with shears. You can use plain or pinking shears, since felt does not require hemming of raw edges.

3. After removing paper tracing, baste both sections of toy outline together, right sides facing out.

4. Using your sewing machine, stitch around entire outline leaving small opening through which to insert stuffing. If animal figure you select requires a tail, leave opening at this point.

5. Stuff figure through opening with cotton batting or other soft padding. If figure requires tail or stem insert into opening and handstitch in place.

Finishes

FINISHES such as eyes, tails, ears, and mane for animals can be cut from scraps of either matching or contrasting material depending on the effect you wish to achieve.

Decorative buttons make an appealing touch when used for eyes of animals. However, for the very small child it is advisable to use a piece of fabric of contrasting material cut to about the size of a small coin. Or make eyes, nose, and mouth with embroidery floss.

Ears, tails, and manes of animals such as dogs, donkeys or zebras can also be made from lengths of knitting wool hand stitched in place.

Child's Ball

1. Use velvet, velveteen, or any sturdy cotton fabric such as denim or mattress ticking. Cut fabric into six, equal-sized segments (like daisy petals). You can make segments of alternating colors if you wish.

2. Take two segments and place with right sides facing each other. Baste in place along one side. Take each additional section and following this procedure, baste to preceding section until all but the last one are basted in place.

3. Now stitch each basted seam from top to bottom.

4. Take first and last section of joined segments and baste and stitch three-fourths of the seam. You now have ball covering. Turn it right side out and stuff through opening with cotton batting or other soft padding. Turn raw edges in and handstitch firmly.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid-a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades

Leopard Lovely

RAYON GABARDINE

Here's a date-maker, a heart-breaker if there ever was one! Vibrant leopard pattern on rich velour across your shoulders, down your sleeves, on belt front 'n buttons. You'll love the unusual sleeves, the inverted kick pleats. Fine quality rayon gabardine in red, green, blue, brown, gold, black or grey. 9-11-13-15-17. We mail immediately. Rush coupon.

ONLY 5.98

• SEND NO MONEY

SENT ON APPROVAL

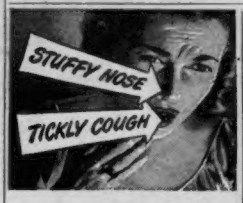
Broadway Fashions Dept. 70-16
599 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice	4927

Send this lovely dress on approval. I'll pay postman $5.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted I may return dress for refund within ten days. If prepaid, we pay postage.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

wire direct by mail from *Broadway Fashions*
599 Broadway, New York City



Get FAST UP and DOWN Relief

Are you miserable with coughs from colds or smoking? Suffer with stuffy nose? Here's relief—*fast*... cough drops that work *up* and *down*. Famous Smith Brothers medication goes *down* to ease tickle, soothe irritated membranes. Menthol vapors go *up* to bring cool comfort to stuffy nose. Smith Brothers are richer in menthol—*plus exclusive Smith Brothers medication*. Look for "Trade" and "Mark" on orange box. Buy them today. STILL ONLY 5¢

SMITH BROTHERS MENTHOL COUGH DROPS MEDICATED

Siegler
PATENTED
Triple Duty KITCHEN OIL HEATER

PAYS FOR ITSELF 3 WAYS
HEATS—COOKS
FURNISHES HOT WATER
Finished in Sparkling Porcelain

AT FURNITURE, HARDWARE AND APPLIANCE STORES
WRITE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION AND THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER

Manufactured and Guaranteed by
SIEGLER ENAMEL RANGE CO.
Stove Builders For Half A Century
CENTRALIA • ILLINOIS

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY TO SIEGLER'S, BOX 111, CENTRALIA, ILL.
For FREE information and the name of your Siegler Dealer. DEPT. A-11
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

Old English Style PUDDINGS
CHOICE OF
• PLUM
• DATE
• FIG
READY TO HEAT AND EAT
If Your Grocer Cannot Supply You, Write:
LEONARD FRANK CO., St. Paul 4, Minn.

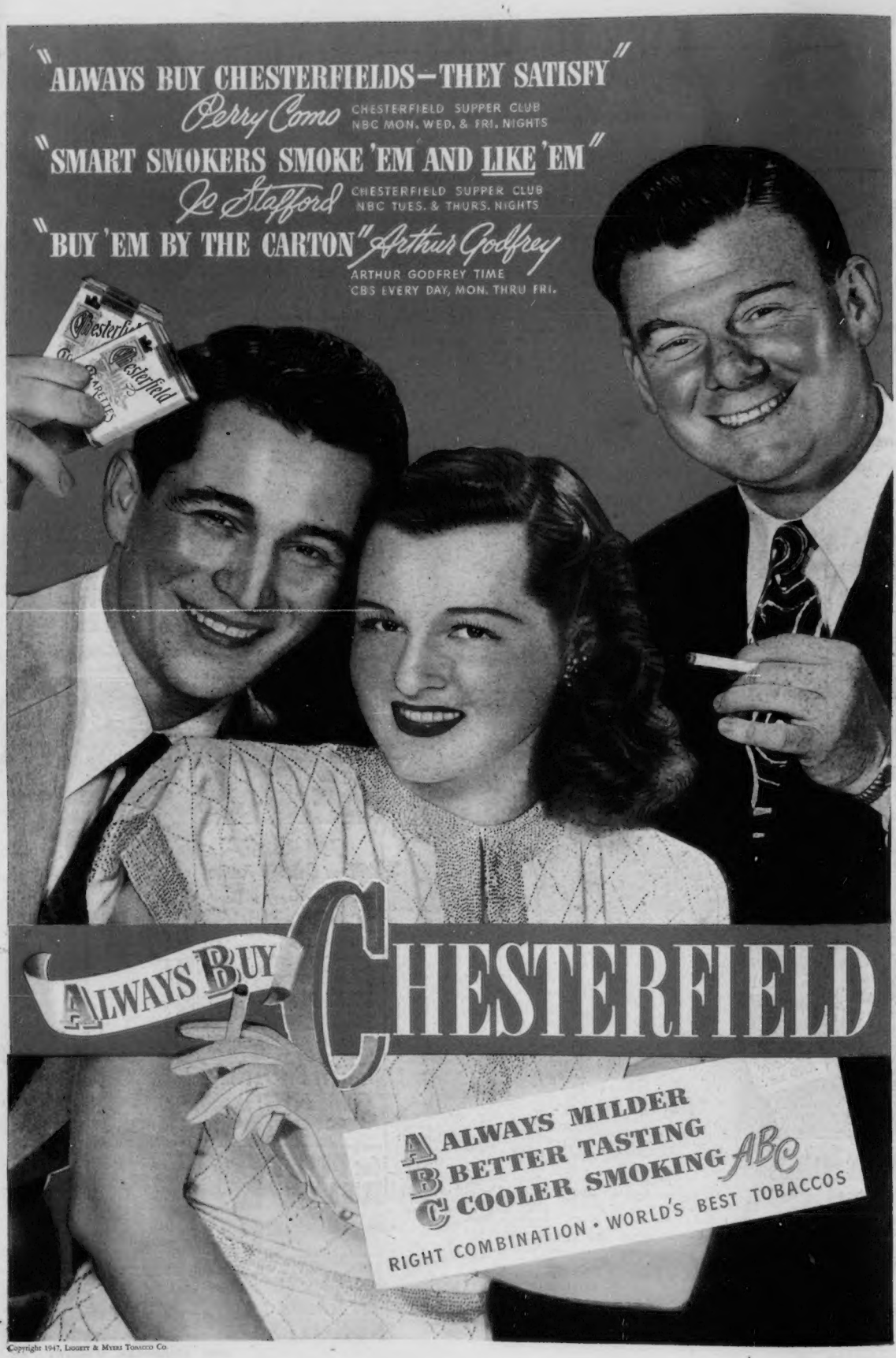
Vicks Inhaler
MAKES COLD-STUFFED NOSE FEEL CLEARER IN SECONDS!

Use as often as needed.

Fast FOOT RELIEF

To quickly relieve corns, sore toes, callousses, tender spots, bunions, instep ridges, chafed heels—use this superior type, flesh color moleskin—Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. Prevents blisters. Stays on in bath. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Department and 10¢ Stores.

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX



Copyright 1947, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.